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THE ECHINODERMATA

Project Gutenberg's *Stories of the Universe: Animal Life*, by B. Lindsay

Everybody knows the Star-fish and many people know the Sea-Urchin. An "urchin" is not a name for a naughty little boy, but the French (*_oursin_*) for a hedgehog. A Sea-Urchin is therefore a "Sea-Hedgehog,"

a name very appropriate for a creature armed with prickles. The Greek word *_echinos_* also means a hedgehog, so that the long name given to the group means simply hedgehog-skinned. The prickles attain their maximum in the Sea-Urchin, but they are well represented in the Star-fish, while in the Sea-cucumber the general tendency to "prickliness" is much reduced, and represented only by "spicules" (needles) of shelly stuff underneath the skin of the animal.

The largest and the most beautiful of the Sea-Urchins of the English coast is known as the Purple-tipped Sea-Urchin, on account of the beautiful colour of the spines. It lives on rocky coasts, and during very low tides may be seen at home, although it usually takes care not to stray above the water-line. It is a shelly ball with a flat base; its surface is covered with long spines. Its mouth, which is in the centre of the base, shows five wicked-looking teeth peeping out. The shell is pierced by what look like hundreds of minute pin-holes, arranged in a complicated pattern; these are the holes through which it pokes its feet, which greatly resemble those of a Star-fish, being white suckers with a disc at the end. When thrown out to their full length they are, however, much longer than those of the Starfish, for they are naturally obliged to be thrown out to a distance longer than the length of the animal's own prickles. When moored by all its feet, extended from all sides of the shelly ball, the animal presents a curious and pretty sight. Large specimens are almost as big as a child's head, but smaller ones are more common. There is a considerable range of variation in colour; not only are various shades of purple found, but also purplish-red and red. The spines are mounted on something resembling a ball and socket joint, with a ring-shaped pad, so that they have a wide range of movement; if any of the spines are touched they are immediately set back over a considerable part of the neighbouring surface.

Other kinds may be found upon a more sandy shore. These are heart-shaped and much lighter in colour. The shell is thinner and of less weight. These adaptations for lessening the animal's weight enable it to move over sand: the species above described has no occasion for such precautions. When it crawls over rocks and the strong seaweeds that grow on them, there is no fear of its sinking in. The sand-dweller, on the contrary, must take care that it is not swallowed up.

There are Sea-Urchins that carry their precautions against sinking to an

extreme degree. These are the Shield-Urchins or Clypeastridæ, so-called from their flat shape; they include the American forms popularly known as "sand-cakes." The diagram (Fig. 36) shows one of the most curious of these flattened forms adapted for moving over fine sand and ooze, and literally "as flat as a pancake." The mouth is approximately in the centre of the lower surface, _B_; the upper surface, _A_, shows a rosette pattern on the top of the shell. This is formed by the rows of holes for the very minute tube feet. In the English Sea-Urchin above described, which is one of the group called (for that reason) *Regulares*, the rows of holes are uniformly continued all along the rounded sides of the body down to the neighbourhood of the mouth. Here they are much restricted, forming merely a rosette at the top of the shell: hence they are described as *circumscrip*t or "petaloid." The excretory aperture is shown in the photograph as a smaller dot on one side of the mouth, while in the *Echinus*, on the contrary, it is at the top of the shell. The five odd-looking, elongated holes are a curious individual peculiarity of this Sea-Urchin. It has already been explained that the Shield-Urchins are flattened in order to distribute their weight; these holes are a contrivance for still further reducing the weight in comparison with the area. This is when the animal is lying quiet at the bottom of the water, but when it moves about what effect will the presence of the holes produce? Flattened animals are usually supposed to derive an advantage from the fact that they sink more slowly through depths of water; as in lying upon the ground, their weight is distributed, and they float, as it were, in the same stratum of water without sinking further down. This creature, on the contrary, has apparently feared lest it should move too slowly when it moves in a vertical direction, and it presents us with an arrangement by means of which its sinking through water is facilitated. Water will pass readily through the five holes as the animal goes either up or down, and the resistance of the whole flat area to the water is thus reduced and vertical movement rendered more easy. Thus, by one and the same contrivance, the animal has lessened its weight when lying quiet, and diminished the resistance it meets with when it moves. The distribution of the holes, moreover, is such as to regulate the animal's position in sinking, and to prevent it from falling "headlong." For although the creature has, strictly speaking, no "head," yet the end nearest the mouth is the thickest and heaviest part of the "cake," and would naturally tend downwards. This tendency is counteracted by the fact that the thicker end is unperforated, while the thinner and lighter end has a

large central hole to diminish its resistance and enable it to sink more rapidly.

Adapted for living in sand rather than on rocks, but not so extreme in the peculiarity of their form as the Shield-Urchins, are the Heart-Urchins, already referred to, shaggy-looking creatures whose fine yellowish-white spines give them almost the appearance of being clothed with fur. The excretory aperture is at the narrow end of the "heart," and the mouth at one side of the lower surface towards the wide end. The complicated apparatus of teeth found in other Sea-Urchins is absent in these. They are abundant on sandy shores. During the severe winter of 1894-5, when the Mersey at Liverpool was frozen nearly for one memorable day, and filled with floating ice for many more, I saw the shore beyond New Brighton heaped all along with a bank, often two feet across, of the common Heart-Urchin. These, which afforded a fine feast for the hungry sea-gulls, had been killed by the intense cold, and afterwards washed ashore by the tide. The vast numbers of this creature which exist on that coast were thus unexpectedly brought to light.

These animals are sometimes described as "burrowing" creatures, because they live covered in sand. The term is rather misleading. Far from wishing to burrow, they spend their lives in a constant struggle with sand that closes over them only too readily; and their whole structure is adapted to prevent their sinking in a quick-sand.

We began our chapter with the Sea-Urchins, because they are the most important members of the group to which they give their name; but there are forms belonging to the Echinodermata that are more familiar to the ordinary observer--the Starfishes. Those who take an interest in the cultivation of the oyster find them far too familiar--for the starfish is the oyster's deadliest foe, not even excepting man.

The common Starfish, *Asterias rubens*, may constantly be found among stones, about low-tide mark. Its manner of walking is peculiar and characteristic. On the under surface of each ray are rows of white sucker-like tube-feet, which can either be drawn in or pushed out. By doing each alternately the animal walks. First the feet are extended to their full length; then the terminal sucking disc of each catches hold of the ground. Then the feet are again retracted, while their discs still cling; the effect of this is, naturally, to pull the ray onwards.

This process is repeated again and again, until some appreciable degree of movement is effected. The tube-feet are in connection with a system of vessels filled with fluid, known as the Water-vascular System of the Starfish. The fluid is driven on by muscular contractions until the feet are fully extended, and again driven back when the feet are retracted. The Water-vascular System is a structure common to all Echinoderms; and vessels of a comparable character are found in some worms.

How does the Starfish know where it is going? Underneath each ray, near the tip, is a little feeler (or tentacle) and a little eye spot. By means of these it gets an idea where each ray is going to; and, since it often moves but one ray at a time, this is sufficient for it. When necessary, however, the several rays can act in concert with one another.

The rayed form of the Starfishes led to their being at first included in the group of Radiate Animals, along with the tentacle-bearing Coelenterata; but it has long been recognised that they are animals of much higher structure. Their very larvæ can barely be brought into comparison with animals so simple as the true "radiates."

The Snake-Stars, or Ophiuroidea, are closely allied to the Starfishes. In these the arms are thin and sharply defined from the little central disc, instead of sloping gently out of it, as in the Starfishes. The rapid wriggling movements of the arms have gained for them their very appropriate name. They are also called Brittle Stars, because the arms break off easily, sometimes at the will of the animal. Several kinds of them are common on our shores, although they are not so common as the ordinary Starfishes. Fig. 37 shows the general form of a Brittle Star.

The Sea-Cucumbers, Holothuroidea, are another group of Echinodermata that are represented on our own coasts; by small specimens, however, while the Pacific Ocean furnishes instances of larger size--the Trepangs--which are used by the Chinese as articles of food. The name Sea-Cucumber is given in fanciful comparison to a small Gherkin; presumably one that has been very badly pickled--for the colour of the animal is brownish and by no means green. The mouth of a Sea-Cucumber is surrounded by a circlet of tentacles (partially indicated in the diagram, Fig. 38). The body is elongated and crawls along: the "star" shape, so characteristic of the Echinoderms, is scarcely to be

recognised except in cross section, where the longitudinal rows of tube-feet are seen to outline a pentagon. The skeleton of the Sea-Cucumber is of a very meagre description. Instead of forming a rounded case, as in the Sea-Urchin, it consists only of loose pieces of very small size, situated below the skin. The Starfishes are intermediate in this respect. Their "skeleton" consists of a vast number of pieces or "ossicles," which are of fair size, but are not closely united, as in the Sea-Urchin. They are, however, so numerous and so well knit, that the skeleton of a dead Starfish presents the complete outward form of the animal. It must be noted that the ordinary skeleton of the Sea-Urchin is only _apparently_ exterior. As is the case with the ossicles of the Starfish and Sea-Cucumber, the skin lies outside, and the hard particles belong to the middle layer, or mesoderm. In this the skeleton of Echinoderms differs from the "shell" of a crab or lobster, which is formed by a hardening of the skin itself.

The Crinoidea, Encrinites or Stone-Lilies, form another group of the Echinodermata. Though still represented by living forms, they attained their maximum development in past ages. The English "Mountain Limestone" of the Carboniferous period is full of their fossilized remains, which form a marble often used for ornamental purposes. The so-called "Stone Lily" consists of a "head" comparable with the body of a Star-fish or other Echinoderm, which is borne at the end of a long fixed stalk. The marble above named owes its ornamental appearance to the presence of these stalks, often very long, and cut through at every possible angle. The Crinoids have their living representative in English Seas, _Antedon_, the Feather-Star (Fig. 40). On the side opposite the mouth, where, in the Encrinite, the stalk would be, there are a group of elongated processes called cirrhi, by means of which the animal can attach itself to stones or seaweeds. When not thus fixed, it swims about, by moving its fringed arms, each of which is forked. It will be seen that when the animal is fixed by its cirrhi, it stands mouth upwards, so that its position compared with that of the Starfish or Sea-Urchin is upside down. The young of the Feather-Stars have stalks by which they are fixed, like the Encrinites; but afterwards the stalk is lost.

Among fossil Echinoderms there are two groups of stalked forms which have no living representatives. These are the Cystoidea and the Blastoidea. In both of these the stalk bears, as in Encrinites, a calyx

or head, which is comparable, with the body of the free Echinoderms.

The Sea-Urchins possess a swimming larval stage, which goes through remarkable changes after passing out of the two-layered (Gastrula) form. It becomes provided with cilia, which are arranged in bands, and outgrowths of peculiar form are established in the case of the Sea-Urchins, while the larvæ of the other groups also present characteristic shapes. Within the larva the adult form develops, the outside of the larva being finally thrown off.

In the young Feather-Star, a subsequent stage of the young animal has a stalk, by which, like the Encrinite, it is fixed. This animal therefore is at first free-swimming, afterwards fixed, and again free in its final stage--a remarkable series of changes.

These queer-shaped things, the Sea-Urchins and their allies, are perhaps the last creatures amongst which we should think of looking for relations of the Worms. Yet the earliest stages of the larva are considered to present a certain amount of resemblance to the Wheel-ball larva, which has been referred to elsewhere (pp. 42 and 72). Still more startling fact, these larvæ have been compared to that of Balanoglossus, the lowest member of the Chordata, and a relation of the Vertebrates themselves (see p. 143).

TABLE SHOWING THE CLASSIFICATION OF THE ECHINODERMATA

{ ECHINOIDEA, OR SEA-URCHINS.
 { ASTEROIDEA, OR STAR-FISHES.
=ECHINODERMATA.= { OPHIUROIDEA, OR BRITTLE-STARS.
 { CRINOIDEA, OR FEATHER-STARS AND
 { STONE-LILIES.
 { HOLOTHUROIDEA, OR SEA-CUCUMBERS.



SELF-ACTING AËRIAL CAR

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Harper's Outdoor Book for Boys*, by Various

Here is an idea for a mechanical toy to be used either on a kite-string or a cord stretched from a flag-pole in the yard or a handy tree. The only condition is that the lower end of the cord is directly against the wind. The elevation at which the car can run will depend on the strength of the wind and sail area of the machine. The only wood used is the lightest and driest pine that can be procured. The carriage is made entirely of one-half by one-quarter inch wood, and is composed of two strips, fourteen inches long, placed one inch apart. The two guiders are two inches from each end, and have a small screw-eye on the lower extremity, through which the cord is passed. On the upper side of the carriage, exactly in the centre, are screwed two eyes, which should measure a little over a half-inch in diameter of the inside of their circle. Through these is passed the spar of the sail, allowing enough space to insure easy turning, as the spar acts as an axis on which the sail turns when on its downward trip. This spar is at right angles with the carriage. Two upright sticks measuring twenty inches, and the same dimensions as the material used for the construction of the carriage, are next added. These should be slightly pointed at both ends, and a cross-bar at the top of these uprights securely fastened gives additional strength. The balancing-bar is made of three-eighths by three-eighths inch pine, tapering at the lower end, and is ten inches in length, and fastened to the carriage by two strips of wood—five by one-quarter by one-eighth inch. The wheels are formed as follows: Take a piece of one-eighth inch pine, which should be at least three inches wide. On this place a strip of wood, we will say, for instance, ten by one-quarter by one-half inch. By driving a small wire nail through both pieces of wood, and inserting a sharp knife-blade through the upper piece of wood, and turning (the upper piece) slowly from left to right, you will find you can cut a perfect circle in the lower piece of wood. The wheels are formed by this process. It takes four pieces of stiff card-board and two of wood to make the wheels for the carriage. The diameter of the wooden wheel is one and one-half inches, while the card-board disks are two and one-quarter inches. The wheels in the draught are a trifle smaller, but by experiments it is found that the above-sized wheel makes faster time. You will see that after cutting out

your disks the hole made by the wire nail is exactly in the centre. Run a small wire nail through the three disks, placing the wooden disk in the centre and the card-board ones on each side (this makes three disks for each wheel). Put some glue on touching surface, and clinch the three together with pins or wire brads. The place where these nails go is shown by the spots on side draught of the wheel. The axle-tree is made of oak, and at the extremities a piece of stout wire is inserted, which extends one-eighth of an inch beyond the wood of the axle-tree. The hardest axle-tree is one made from the shafts of an old clock. Take particular care that the wheels run very true, as the success of the machine depends to a great extent upon this.

From the lower extremity of the balancing-rod hangs a weight. The easiest way to make this weight is to take a small bag, and fill it with sand until the machine balances (the sail in horizontal position). Having progressed thus far in the construction of the machine, turn the sail in a horizontal position, and attach a cord from one side of the cross-bar to a small grooved wheel at the aft end of the carriage. From the screw-eye at lower extremity of the balancing-bar is attached a small rubber band; when stretched it will reach within three-quarters of an inch of the small wheel at the aft end of the carriage. It will be found, after the cord and rubber band have been joined, that upon letting go the perpendicular bars the sail will turn in a horizontal position. At the forward end of the carriage is a catch, to which is fastened a ring. The catch comes in contact with a block (previously placed three-quarters up the string). The detail drawings show the formation and working of the catch.

The sail is made of light muslin, and extends in the form of a pair of wings, the cloth only reaching from the outside of the uprights to the ends of the spar, leaving a free space in the centre for the sail to pass through the carriage. The parachute is a small Chinese umbrella (pick out one that opens easily), and can be bought for a few cents. A small weight is attached to the handle with a few feet of cord. We will say that now you have completed the machine—you have a kite flying; run the string through the two guiders, place the two wheels of the carriage upon the kite-string, set the sail perpendicular, and fasten the catch with the cord. A stop-block has been previously placed on the cord twenty feet from the kite; now attach the parachute (Chinese umbrella). The force of the wind acting on the sail forces the machine up the

incline of the kite-string at a rapid rate, skyward, until it reaches the block, which throws off the catch. The sail swings back to a horizontal position, letting the parachute drop. The sail being folded and presenting no resistance to the wind, the force of gravitation acting on the weight of the machine causes it to descend the kite-cord quickly, and return to the original starting-point of its flight. See Fig. 5, a side and end view, and Fig. 6, the parachute and the car on its return.



EXERCICES DES JEUNES FILLES

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Jeux et exercices des jeunes filles*, by Marguerite Du Parquet

LE VOYAGEUR ET L'HÔTELLERIE.

Ce jeu n'est guère qu'une variété du jeu précédent, avec quelques légères différences dans la manière de le jouer. Une jeune fille représente le voyageur, et les autres représentent l'hôte ou l'hôtesse, la fille d'auberge, le garçon d'écurie, le cheval, la selle, la bride, l'avoine, les bottes, les pantoufles, le souper, la lumière, le feu, le lit, etc. Tous ces noms se rapportent soit au bagage d'un voyageur, soit aux choses dont il peut avoir besoin dans une auberge.

Quand toutes les personnes nommées sont assises, le voyageur entre et dit: «L'hôte, puis-je avoir ce soir un bon lit?» L'hôte et le lit se lèvent aussitôt. Ensuite le voyageur dit: «L'hôte, je voudrais avoir une bouteille de vin et de la lumière.» Enfin il a soin de demander tour à tour les objets dont les noms ont été donnés aux jeunes filles qui doivent se lever sans se le faire dire deux fois, sinon elles doivent un gage, et le voyageur en donne un aussi quand il demande quelque chose qui ne se trouve pas représenté par un des joueurs. Il faut que celle qui fait le rôle du voyageur mette beaucoup d'entrain et de mouvement dans le jeu qu'elle dirige.

LES QUATRE COINS.

Il faut être au nombre de cinq pour ce jeu bien connu. Chacune des jeunes filles prend une place à l'angle d'un carré. Celle qui reste au milieu s'appelle le _nigaud_. Les quatre autres changent de place, et le nigaud doit s'efforcer de prendre une des places restées vides. S'il réussit, c'est la personne dont la place se trouve prise et occupée qui devient _nigaud_ à son tour.

LA POUPÉE.

Nous n'avons rien à enseigner aux petites filles sur l'usage de la poupée. Elles le connaissent mieux que nous, dont les souvenirs sont déjà lointains; elles le pratiquent avec une conscience, une persévérance, une foi, si nous osons parler ainsi, qui renferme bien des mystères. C'est que la poupée est aussi un être mystérieux, un symbole, dont on comprend le sens mieux qu'on ne le définit. Il y a eu une _poupée_ dès qu'il a existé une petite fille, et cette tradition s'est perpétuée avec la force des choses vraies et nécessaires. Elle a traversé les révolutions des peuples et des empires. Elle a résisté au temps aussi bien qu'une pyramide. A Thèbes, dans le tombeau d'une petite enfant morte il y a des milliers d'années, on a retrouvé une poupée faite en chiffons, comme celles que l'ont elles-mêmes les petites filles d'aujourd'hui.

La poupée n'est pas seulement un jouet, un amusement; elle est un besoin, elle est la réalisation des instincts féminins. La petite fille essaye sa vocation quand elle est en face de ce petit être passif, dans lequel elle reconnaît un enfant comme elle; enfant quelquefois méchant, quelquefois malade, souvent capricieux et envers lequel l'enfant véritable a des devoirs sérieux. Ses rapports avec cet être sont ceux d'un être supérieur qui a une tâche immense à remplir et les droits les plus illimités pour l'accomplir, en un mot, la tâche de la mère envers son enfant.

Si la petite fille entre bien dans l'esprit du rôle qu'elle crée à son insu et qui lui est inspiré par des événements dont elle est l'auteur, par une sorte de convention tacite avec elle-même, elle supposera à

cette poupée, devenue son enfant, tous les sentiments qu'elle éprouve, ou ceux qu'elle a pu observer chez ses compagnes. Cette petite figure inerte, qui gisait dans un coin, est relevée par un être intelligent, et à l'instant commence une scène animée par le jeu des passions. La poupée est volontaire; sa mère de dix ans lui enseigne que l'opiniâtreté et les caprices sont des défauts devant lesquels l'autorité maternelle ne doit pas plier, et moitié par le raisonnement, moitié par la sévérité, quelquefois par des corrections dont elle n'a pourtant pas reçu l'exemple, elle finit par dompter un caractère rebelle. La poupée est sage et raisonnable, on lui prouve par des caresses et des récompenses qu'elle doit n'avoir rien plus à coeur que la satisfaction de sa mère. La poupée est dolente; sa mère s'émeut; elle l'interroge avec inquiétude; elle s'aperçoit que son enfant souffre. Alors commence pour elle la pratique des devoirs les plus tendres, des soins les plus dévoués, et quand l'enfant s'endort d'un doux sommeil, la mère se repose aussi, demande du silence autour d'elle et conserve longtemps la trace des pensées sérieuses qui viennent d'occuper son esprit.

A côté de tous ces devoirs importants, il en est un surtout que la mère affectionne: c'est de revêtir cet enfant de tout ce qu'elle peut rassembler de plus beau. Elle va même jusqu'à l'extravagance dans ce besoin qu'elle a de parer cette chère créature, et elle lui donne des vêtements qui ne sont pas de son âge. Elle en fait une *_belle dame_*. Alors elle s'admire dans son oeuvre, mais elle n'en jouit pas de la même manière que lorsqu'elle retrouvait en elle son enfant.

Faut-il attribuer ce soin pour la parure des poupées à des instincts de coquetterie et de vanité? Faut-il y voir ce sentiment plus doux et plus tendre qui fait désirer à une mère que son enfant surpasse tous les autres, même en beauté et en élégance? Hélas! nous croyons qu'il y a là, comme dans la nature humaine, un mélange des bons et des mauvais sentiments; mais du moins celui qui est le plus pur ennoblit l'autre et le fait pardonner.

La puissance de la poupée est telle, que quand elle devient vieille, malpropre, estropiée, la petite fille vraiment aimante s'y attache encore davantage. C'est un lien, c'est une habitude, c'est aussi quelque chose de ce sentiment si touchant qui fait préférer à la mère l'enfant difforme et rebuté des autres. Peut-être ce sentiment s'explique-t-il par celui de la responsabilité; peut être est-ce par la pitié infinie

qui est dans le coeur de la femme; peut-être enfin est-ce par la pensée que les êtres que le monde dédaigne appartiennent d'autant plus à ceux qui leur accordent l'intérêt et l'affection qu'ils ne trouvent pas ailleurs. Quel que soit le mobile secret, le sentiment est en germe chez la petite fille qui préfère la poupée que personne ne regarde. Il se retrouve encore chez la pauvre enfant du peuple, qui aime cet objet informe qu'elle appelle sa poupée, autant qu'elle aimerait ces splendides figures sur lesquelles elle ose à peine jeter un regard d'envie; qui la revêt avec amour des misérables chiffons dont elle peut disposer, et qui la berce dans ses bras avec cette tendre sollicitude qu'elle aurait pour les membres délicats d'un nouveau-né.

Peut-être que dans notre préoccupation des sentiments que nous paraît personnifier la poupée, nous avons retracé trop sérieusement les différents emplois que fait la petite fille de ce jouet. Il nous a paru presque inutile de lui enseigner ce que son instinct lui révèle à coup sûr, et de parler de tous les jeux dans lesquels figure ce petit être. On l'habille; on le déshabille à des heures réglées, en se servant des petits vêtements et des petits meubles à son usage; on feint de le faire manger des mets fictifs ou réels dans des repas qu'on lui prépare, ce que les enfants, dans leur langage de convention, appellent _faire la dînette_. Ces soins deviennent pour quelques petites filles une véritable passion. Pour quelques-unes, ils ont un côté utile en leur créant des occupations sédentaires, en leur donnant des habitudes d'ordre et du goût pour le travail à l'aiguille. D'autres enfants, mais le nombre en est plus rare, ont une espèce d'indifférence pour les poupées, ou bien en perdent le goût de bonne heure. Enfin il vient un âge où ce goût cesse pour toutes également.

La religion païenne exprimait le changement qui s'opère habituellement dans les idées de la jeune fille par le sacrifice qu'elle devait faire de sa poupée à Vénus au moment de son mariage. Cette cérémonie signifiait que la jeune fille renonçait aux jeux de l'enfance et allait se consacrer à de nouveaux devoirs. Quand le christianisme remplaça le culte des faux dieux, quelques coutumes subsistèrent et entre autres celle de renfermer dans les tombeaux des enfants ou des jeunes filles les petits objets ou les jouets qui avaient été à leur usage. C'est ce qui explique le grand nombre de ces naïfs débris que l'on a recueillis dans les sarcophages des catacombes où reposaient les chrétiens. Cette coutume touchante nous a transmis le modèle de ces jouets semblables à

ceux de nos enfants. On voit dans les musées de Rome les osselets, les petites clochettes, les dés, les petites boules d'or et d'argent, et enfin les poupées qui ont fait le bonheur des enfants durant le peu de jours qu'ils ont passés sur la terre, et qui les ont suivis dans la paix du tombeau. Une jeune princesse, Marie, fille de Stilicon, femme d'Honorius, a été trouvée dans son cercueil, en 1544, dans le cimetière du Vatican; à ses côtés, une cassette d'argent renfermait des objets de toilette qui lui avaient appartenu, et plusieurs petites poupées d'ivoire étaient couchées près d'elle.

LA NARRATION.

Pour ce jeu, il est d'usage d'avoir de longs rubans que chaque joueuse tient par un bout, tandis que tous les autres bouts sont réunis dans la main de celle qui dirige le jeu. Celle-ci commence une histoire ou narration, et s'arrêtant après deux ou trois phrases, elle donne une secousse à un des rubans. Celle à qui s'adresse ce signal doit continuer immédiatement la narration, en tâchant de bien lier ce qu'elle dit avec ce qui se disait au moment où elle a repris. Ce jeu demande une certaine invention pour trouver des détails qui soient un peu intéressants. On en jugera mieux par l'exemple que nous allons donner. Celle qui tient les rubans commence ainsi (les points marquent les interruptions et les reprises):

«La neige tombait par flocons épais quand Alice se leva le matin. Elle pensa qu'elle ne pourrait pas monter à cheval ce jour-là, à cause du mauvais temps, et descendit à la salle à manger, où elle trouva.....

«Une dame qu'il lui sembla avoir déjà rencontrée quelque part, et un petit garçon de sept ou huit ans qui avait de beaux yeux noirs et d'abondants cheveux bouclés. «Vous ne me reconnaissez pas, Alice, lui dit cette personne; je suis....

«La femme de chambre de votre cousine Jeanne, que vous n'avez pas vue depuis six ans, et voilà son petit garçon que je vous amène. Il lui est arrivé, il y a quelques jours, une aventure bien extraordinaire. Il était allé au bois de Boulogne avec un domestique. Là....

«Le domestique l'ayant perdu de vue un moment, il se trouva seul, et, comme il le cherchait avec inquiétude, son air effaré attira auprès de

lui....

«Une troupe de petits gamins assez déguenillés qui commencèrent à le tourmenter. Comme il est très-vif, il ne put supporter leurs mauvais propos et donna un soufflet à l'un d'eux, qui....

«Se jeta sur lui et commençait à le battre, lorsqu'ils virent paraître tout à coup un monsieur qui se trouvait être, etc....»

Nous ne donnerons pas la suite de l'histoire, et nous engageons nos jeunes lectrices à la terminer elles-mêmes, ou à en inventer de meilleures dont elles sauront faire «le modèle des narrations agréables,» comme le dit Mme de Sévigné avec raison, de sa lettre que l'on appelle _la lettre de la prairie_.

Si l'on veut au contraire faire une narration absurde, le jeu sera peut-être moins difficile, mais nous préférons une narration suivie et un peu élégante. Toutefois, nous allons donner un exemple de ce que peut être un discours dont les idées n'ont aucune liaison entre elles.

«C'était par une belle nuit d'été, alors que le soleil, prêt à se plonger dans la mer, comme un charbon rougi aux feux de la forge, jetait encore un dernier éclat....

«Vraiment, s'écria Hippolyte, il fait noir comme dans un four. Que demanderons-nous ce matin pour notre déjeuner? J'ai envie d'oeufs à la coque...

«A ces mots, ils poursuivirent leur course, renversant tout sur leur passage; leurs chevaux excités refusaient de s'arrêter malgré tous leurs efforts....

«La vague grossissait toujours et menaçait de les engloutir; déjà plusieurs lames avaient pénétré dans leur frêle embarcation. Tout faisait pressentir un prochain désastre....

«Lorsque la voix d'un chien se fit entendre; c'était celui du portier de leur maison, rue Neuve-Saint-Roch. Ces aboiements réitérés annonçaient leur arrivée....

«Chacun s'empessa d'accourir. La vue de ce fidèle animal rappelait des jours qui n'étaient plus; mais l'ardente chaleur de cette après-midi....

«Les accablait et semblait faite pour les inviter au repos. Ils s'assirent donc en cercle auprès d'un rocher qui leur prêtait son ombre....

«L'endroit leur paraissant convenable, chacun s'empessa de faire un grand feu. L'intensité du froid rendait cette précaution plus nécessaire que jamais.»

Nous sommes obligés d'avertir, en donnant ce modèle de contre-sens, qu'il ne nous est pas venu à la pensée d'imiter la forme de quelques romans modernes.



HOW TO MAKE PLASTER CASTS.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The American Girl's Handy Book*, by Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard

IT is not at all difficult; anyone can succeed in it who will take the pains to follow carefully the directions given here for making plaster casts. Without the knowledge of drawing or modelling you can in this way reproduce almost any article in a very short time.

Casting in plaster is really so simple a process that even a child can soon learn to manage it nicely.

You will need a board, about a foot and a half square, upon which to work, fifteen or twenty pounds of clay, five pounds of plaster-of-Paris, a cup of warm melted lard, and several small wooden pegs; these can be made of wooden tooth-picks or matches broken in two.

Select an object with few angles and a smooth surface to experiment on; a firm round apple will do. Rub the lard all over the apple until every particle is greased; then lay it in the centre of your board. Take some clay and pack it around it just as high as the middle of the apple, forming a square, as in Fig. 168. Smooth the clay off on the edges and stick pegs in diagonal opposite corners (Fig. 168); then with more clay build a wall close around the apple and its case, making the sides one inch higher than the top of the apple (Fig. 169). Put a cupful of clear water into a pan or dish, and stir in enough plaster of Paris to make it like batter; pour the plaster over the apple, filling the clay box to the top. This makes a half mould of clay and a half mould of plaster.

When the plaster is hard, which will be in a very short time, pull away your clay wall, and take out the apple and half plaster mould together, lifting the apple from its half clay mould.

Remove the clay from your board and set the plaster mould containing the apple in the centre. Rub lard over the apple and upper edge of the mould, build around it the clay wall, as you did the first time; roll a small piece of clay into a slender conical shape and stand it upright on top of the apple, as in Fig. 169. This will make a hole through which to pour the plaster when filling the completed mould, and it must stand high enough to reach above the top of the clay wall.

Pour the plaster over the apple as at first, and let it set or harden. Take away the wall of clay once more, and carefully separate the two parts of the mould with the blade of a table-knife; remove the apple, and all is ready for the final cast which is to produce your plaster fruit (Fig. 170).

Thoroughly grease the inside of your mould, fit the two parts together, and wrap and tie them with string to hold them in place.

Pour in the plaster, through the hole left in one-half of the mould, until it is quite full; then gently shake it to send the plaster into all small crevices.

Let your mould stand without moving again until sufficient time has elapsed for the plaster to harden; then gently separate the two parts

and you will find a perfect cast of the apple.

The ridge made by the joining of the mould you must scrape off with a sharp knife, or rub with sand-paper.

In taking casts of almost any object not too complicated, this same method must be employed. The only difficulty lies in deciding just where to place the dividing-line, which must be exactly at the broadest part of your model, otherwise you will break your mould in taking the object out.

In casting a hand the clay must be built up around each finger to precisely its widest part; therefore it is a good plan, before commencing, to mark on the hand, with a fine paint-brush and ink, the line that is to be observed.

When making casts of long objects, or those that are larger at one end than the other, such as vases, always lay them on one side, as a much better mould can be obtained in that way.

I have read that if milk-and-water is used for mixing the plaster, or, after the cast has hardened, if a little oil, in which wax has been dissolved, be applied to the surface, it will take a high polish; and if left for a while in a smoky room it will acquire the look of old ivory.

The same writer also states, without giving the proportions, that liquid gum-arabic and sufficient alum in solution, mixed and put into the slip or soft plaster, will make the cast so hard that it can be set as a panel in a cabinet.

The dead white of plaster-casts is frequently objected to when they are wanted for ornaments; but that difficulty is easily overcome by mixing dry colors with the plaster before wetting it.

A small quantity of yellow ochre will make the plaster creamy or ivory-like; brown will give a wood color, and red a terra-cotta.

Plaster-casts can also be bronzed with gold, red, or green bronze, which makes quite handsome ornaments of them. A plaster panel in

bass-relief, bronzed with gold bronze and mounted on black or dark-colored velvet, is an exceedingly rich wall decoration.

To mount a panel of this kind you must first secure a smooth, flat piece of board, not more than half an inch thick, and just large enough to allow about four inches of the background to show all around the panel when it is mounted. Cover the board with velvet or velveteen, bringing it smoothly over the edges, and tacking it down at the back. Fasten on it a small brass hook. Fig. 171 is the best kind to use, which is tacked to the board with small, brass tacks.

Make a ring or loop for hanging the panel in this way:

Take a piece of wire about three inches long, form a small loop in the middle, and give the wire several twists; then bend the ends out on each side.

Scrape a narrow place in the top edge of the panel, just long enough to admit the wire, and about half an inch deep; then place the wire in this little ditch and fill up the hole to the top with soft plaster. When this hardens the ring will be quite secure. Fig. 172.



INTERNATIONAL RECIPES

From: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *365 Foreign Dishes*, by Unknown

Swedish Salad.

Cut cold cooked fish into small pieces and mix with chopped hard-boiled eggs, a few sliced olives, capers and gherkins. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Line the salad bowl with crisp lettuce leaves; add the salad and cover with a mayonnaise dressing. Garnish with aspic, cut into dice pieces and serve cold.

Fish a la Marseilles.

Cut two kinds of fish into slices; season with salt. Mince 2 cloves of garlic, 2 sprigs of parsley, 2 sprigs of thyme and 2 bay-leaves very fine. Add a pinch of pepper. Roll the fish in the spice. Then fry 2 sliced onions in butter; add 1 cup of tomatoes, the juice of a lemon and 2 cups of water. Let boil up. Add the fish and let boil until done. Remove the fish to a platter. Add a cup of white wine to the sauce and 1 tablespoonful of sugar. Boil up and pour over the fish. Serve with toast.

Japanese Rice.

Boil 1 cup of rice; add 3 chopped shallots, 1 teaspoonful of soy and salt to taste. Place on a platter, cover with chopped hard-boiled eggs, sprinkle with salt, paprika and chopped parsley. Garnish with some thin slices of smoked salmon.

Madras Stewed Chicken.

Cut a spring chicken into pieces at the joints; season with salt and pepper and fry in hot lard with some tender mutton chops. Fry 1 sliced onion in hot butter with 2 ounces of rice, 1 teaspoonful of curry-powder and 1 chopped apple; add to the chicken. Moisten with 1 quart of chicken broth, season to taste and let simmer until the chicken and mutton are very tender; then add 1 pint of hot oysters and the juice of 1/2 lemon. Let all get very hot and serve on a platter with fried egg-plant.

Hungarian Fried Noodles.

Beat 3 eggs with 2 tablespoonfuls of water; add a pinch of salt and enough flour to make a stiff dough work well. Then roll out as thin as paper; fold the dough and cut into round pieces; fry in deep hot lard to a golden brown. Serve hot with stewed chicken.

Austrian Apple Strudel.

Mix 1 pint of flour with 1/2 cup of water, 4 ounces of butter, 3 eggs and a pinch of salt to a stiff dough; then roll out as thin as

possible. Pour over some melted butter; cover with chopped apples and raisins. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Make a large roll; bake in a buttered baking-pan with flakes of butter on top until brown.

English Salad.

Pick, wash and drain 2 heads of lettuce and break into pieces. Mix with some watercress, shredded celery and a few leaves of mint. Put in a salad bowl, sprinkle with salt, pepper, sugar and lemon-juice and pour over a salad-dressing. Garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs and pickled beet-root.

Spanish Rice.

Fry 1 large chopped onion with 2 cups of tomatoes; add 1 cup of stock, salt and pepper to taste. Cover and let simmer ten minutes; then add 2 cups of boiled rice. Mix well together with 1 tablespoonful of butter. Let get very hot and serve.

Greek Cakes.

Mix 1/2 pound of butter and 1 cup of sugar to a cream; add 4 well-beaten eggs and the grated rind and juice of 1/2 lemon. Then stir in 1/2 pound of flour and work into a smooth dough. Lay on a well-floured baking-board and roll out thin. Cut into fancy shapes and bake in a moderate oven until done. Cover with a white icing, flavored with vanilla.



FIRE-ENGINES.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A History of Inventions, Discoveries, and Origins, Volume II (of 2)*, by Johann Beckman

The invention of pumps I shall leave to those who undertake to write the history of hydraulics, and here only remark that, on the testimony of Vitruvius[582], it is in general ascribed to Ctesibius, on which account they are called _machinæ Ctesibicæ_; and that Ctesibius

lived at Alexandria in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus and Ptolemy Euergetes I., consequently two centuries before the Christian æra. My present object extends no further than to state what I know in regard to the question, At what time were these machines first employed for extinguishing fires?

For this purpose, however, it was necessary that the pump-work employed at first only for raising water should undergo some alteration. To use it for extinguishing fires, it was requisite that the water should be speedily driven from the upper aperture as high as possible; whereas for the first purpose, it is enough if the water be thrown out in sufficient quantity to be conveyed to the place of its destination. More additional parts necessary for extinguishing fires would then be an imperfection; as the power which gives the water a needless velocity might be employed with more advantage to raise a greater quantity of it.

In my opinion it is highly probable that Ctesibius had an idea of converting his pump into a fire-engine, for his scholar, Hero of Alexandria, speaks expressly of this use, and describes the construction of a forcing-pump with two cylinders[583]; but it is very doubtful whether this application of it soon became general, and whether this advantageous machine was known to the ancient Romans. What I have been able to learn on the subject is as follows.

Pliny the younger, after telling the emperor Trajan, in one of his letters, that the town of Nicomedia in Bithynia had been almost entirely destroyed by a fire, adds, that the devastation had been increased by a violent storm which took place at the time; by the laziness of the inhabitants, and by the want of machines or apparatus proper for extinguishing the flames[584]. The word *_sipho_*, which the author here uses, was certainly the fire-engine of Ctesibius; though some under this term understand only aqueducts, canals, and pipes for distributing water throughout the city. I will not deny that this word may have signified such pipes, particularly on account of a passage in Strabo[585], where he speaks of the subterranean conduits of Rome, and says that almost all the houses had cisterns, *_siphones_*, or water-pipes, and running streams. But Pliny at the same time mentions water-buckets, which may be considered as an appendage absolutely necessary to a fire-engine. It is also hardly possible to believe that a town, immediately situated on an arm of the sea, should be destitute

of water[586].

I can however produce from a contemporary writer, a strong proof that Pliny alluded here to a fire-engine, and I do not find that the passage has been before quoted. Apollodorus, the architect, who was employed by the emperor Trajan in constructing the celebrated bridge over the Danube, and erecting some large works at Rome, and who was put to death by his successor Adrian, out of revenge for a jeering answer which he received from him, as we are told by Dio Cassius, describes in the fragment of his book on warlike machines, how assistance may be given when the upper part of a building is on fire, and the machine called *_sipho_* is not at hand. In this case leathern bags filled with water are to be fastened to long pipes in such a manner, that by pressing the bags the water may be forced through the pipes to the place which is in flames[587]. The *_sipho_*, therefore, was a machine by which water might be easily projected to a considerable height, to extinguish a place on fire that could not be reached by any other means.

That in the fourth century at least a fire-engine, properly so called, was understood under the term *_sipho_*, is fully proved by Hesychius, and also by Isidorus, who lived in the beginning of the seventh century[588]. As the latter remarks that such engines were employed in the East for extinguishing fires, there is reason to conclude that they were not then used in the west.

The question still remains, at what time this apparatus for extinguishing fires was introduced at Rome. From the numerous ordinances for preventing accidents by fire, and in regard to extinguishing fires, which occur in the Roman laws[589], there is reason to conjecture that this capital was not unprovided with those useful implements and machines, of the want of which in a provincial town Pliny complains, and which he himself had supplied. This conjecture, however, I am not able to prove; and instances both in ancient and modern times show that the good police establishments of small towns are not always to be found in capitals. Antioch and several other towns were provided with lanterns, which were wanting even in the proud Rome. But what excites some doubt is, that fire-engines are never mentioned in the numerous accounts given of the fires which took place in that city. At present it is impossible to speak of a misfortune of this kind without stating whether a sufficient number of engines were

assembled, and what they effected, as Pliny has not failed to do in his short account of the fire at Nicomedia.

One passage, however, in Ulpian is commonly quoted as a proof that in his time there were fire-engines at Rome. Where he enumerates those things which ought to belong to a house when sold, he mentions, besides other articles used for extinguishing fires, *_siphones_* [590]. But if this word means here fire-engines, the passage seems to prove too much; for it must then be admitted that each house had a fire-engine of its own. These implements therefore must have been small hand-engines, such as are kept in many houses at present; and in that case the passage cannot be adduced as a proof of public engines, such as Pliny regrets the want of at Nicomedia. But it is much more probable that Ulpian alludes only to those *_siphones_* which, according to the account of Strabo, were to be found in every house at Rome; that is, pipes which conveyed water to it for domestic purposes.

From the total want of fire-engines, or the imperfect manner in which they were constructed, what Seneca says must have been true, namely, that the height of the houses at Rome rendered it impossible to extinguish them when on fire [591]. That the buildings there were exceedingly high, and the lanes, the bridges and even the principal streets remarkably narrow, is well-known [592]. It is supposed by Archenholz and others, that the houses at Rome were built of such a height on account of the great heat in that warm climate; but the chief reason was undoubtedly that assigned by Vitruvius [593], which still produces a like effect. For want of room on the earth, the buildings were extended towards the heavens; so that at last the greatest height of an edifice was fixed by law at seventy, and afterwards at sixty feet. In Hamburg, at present, where ground is dear and daily becoming more valuable, the greater part of the houses are little less than sixty feet in height; a few even are seventy; and that it is thereby rendered difficult, if not impossible, notwithstanding the perfection of the German engines, to extinguish fires, is proved by the melancholy instance of Gera, where the houses are now built lower. With Neubert's engine, which was tried at Hamburg in 1769, eight firemen threw eleven and a half cubic feet of water to the height of sixty-two or sixty-three feet.

In the East engines were employed not only to extinguish but to

produce fires. The Greek fire, invented by Callinicus, an architect of Heliopolis, a city afterwards named Balbec, in the year 678, the use of which was continued in the East till 1291[594], and which was certainly liquid[595], was employed in many different ways; but chiefly on board ship, being thrown from large fire-engines on the ships of the enemy. Sometimes this fire was kindled in particular vessels, which might be called fire-ships, and which were introduced among a hostile fleet; sometimes it was put into jars and other vessels, which were thrown at the enemy by means of projectile machines[596], and sometimes it was squirted by the soldiers from hand-engines; or, as appears, blown through pipes. But the machines with which this fire was discharged from the fore-part of ships, could not have been either hand-engines or such blow-pipes. They were constructed of copper and iron, and the extremity of them sometimes resembled the open mouth and jaws of a lion or other animal; they were painted and even gilded, and it appears that they were capable of projecting the fire to a great distance[597]. These machines by ancient writers are expressly called spouting-engines. John Cameniata, speaking of the siege of his native city, Thessalonica, which was taken by the Saracens in the year 904, says that the enemy threw fire into the wooden works of the besieged, which was blown into them by means of tubes, and thrown from other vessels[598]. This passage, which I do not find quoted in any of the works that treat on the Greek fire, proves that the Greeks in the beginning of the tenth century were no longer the only people acquainted with the art of preparing this fire, the precursor of our gunpowder. The emperor Leo, who about the same period wrote his art of war, recommends such engines, with a metal covering, to be constructed in the fore-part of ships[599], and he twice afterwards mentions engines for throwing out Greek fire[600]. In the East one may easily have conceived the idea of loading some kind of pump with the Greek fire; as the use of a forcing-pump for extinguishing fires was long known there before the invention of Callinicus.

At what time the towns in Germany were first furnished with fire-engines I am not able to determine. In my opinion they had regulations in regard to fires much earlier than engines; and the former do not seem to be older than the first half of the sixteenth century. The oldest respecting the city of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, with which I am acquainted, is of the year 1460. The first general ordinance respecting fires in Saxony was issued by Duke George in 1521.

The first for the city of Dresden, which extended also to the whole country, was dated 1529. In many towns, the first regulations made by public authority for preventing fires will no doubt be found in the general regulations in regard to building, which seem to be somewhat older than the particular ordinances concerning fires. At Augsburg an express regulation in regard to building was drawn up and made publicly known as early as 1447. In turning over old chronicles, it is remarked that great fires began to occur less frequently in the sixteenth century; and this is undoubtedly to be ascribed to the improved mode of building[601], the precautions enjoined by governments to prevent fires, and the introduction of apparatus for extinguishing them. But by the invention of fire-engines, every thing in this respect was so much changed, that a complete revision of the regulations in regard to the extinguishing of fires became necessary; and therefore the first mention of town fire-engines will in all probability be found in the new fire ordinances of the sixteenth and following century.

It has been remarked by Von Stetten, that in the building accounts of the city of Augsburg, fire-engines are first mentioned in the year 1518. They are called there *_instruments for fires_, _water syringes_* useful at fires; and these names seem to announce that the machine was then in its infancy. At that time they were made by a goldsmith at Friedberg, named Anthony Blatner, who the same year became a citizen of Augsburg. From the account added,--that the wheels and levers were constructed by a wheelwright, and from the greatness of the expense,--there is reason to conclude that these were not small, simple hand-engines, but large and complex machines. In that respectable dictionary entitled *Maaler's Teutschsprach*, Zurich, 1561, I find fire-hooks and fire-ladders, but no instrument similar to a fire-engine.

In the year 1657, the well-known jesuit Caspar Schott was struck with admiration on seeing at Nuremberg a fire-engine, which had been made there by John Hautsch. It stood on a sledge, ten feet long and four feet broad. The water-cistern was eight feet in length, four in height, and two in width. It was moved by twenty-eight men, and forced a stream of water an inch in diameter to the height of eighty feet[602]; consequently over the houses. The machine was drawn by two horses. Hautsch distributed throughout Germany an engraving of it, with an offer of constructing similar ones at a moderate price, and teaching the use of them; but he refused to show the internal

construction of it to Schott, who however readily conjectured it. From what he says of it, one may easily perceive that the cylinders did not stand in a perpendicular direction, but lay horizontally in a box, so that the pistons moved horizontally, and not vertically, as at present. Upright cylinders therefore seem to belong to the more modern improvements. Schott adds, that this was not a new invention, as there were such engines in other towns; and he himself forty years before, and consequently in 1617, had seen one, but much smaller, in his native city. He was born, as is well-known, in 1608, at Königshofen, not far from Würzburg. George Hautsch also, son of the above artist, constructed similar engines, and perhaps with improvements, for Wagenseil[603] and others have ascribed to him the invention.

The first regulations at Paris respecting fires, as far as is known, were made to restrain incendiaries, who in the fourteenth century, under the name of *_Boutefoux_*, occasioned great devastation, not only in the capital, but in the provinces. This city appears to have obtained fire-engines for the first time in the year 1699; at any rate the king at that period gave an exclusive right to Dumourier Duperrier to construct those machines called *_pompes portatives_*; and he was engaged at a certain salary to keep in repair seventeen of them, purchased for Paris, and to procure and to pay the necessary workmen. In the year 1722 the number of these engines was increased to thirty, which were distributed in different quarters of the city; and at that time the contractors received annually 20,000 livres. The city, however, besides these thirty royal engines, had a great many others which belonged to the Hotel de Ville, and with which the Sieur Duperrier had nothing to do[604].

In the middle of the seventeenth century fire-engines indeed were still very imperfect. They had neither an air-chamber nor buckets, and required a great many men to work them. They consisted merely of a sucking-pump and forcing-pump united, which projected the water only in spurts, and with continual interruption. Such machines, on each movement of the lever, experience a stoppage, during which no water is thrown out; and because the pipe is fixed, it cannot convey water to remote places, though it may reach a fire at no great distance, where there are doors and windows to afford it a passage. At the same time the workmen are exposed to danger from the falling of the houses on fire, and must remove from them to a greater distance.

Hautsch, however, had adapted to his engine a flexible pipe, which could be turned to any side as might be necessary, but certainly not an air-chamber, otherwise Schott would have mentioned it. In the time of Belidor there were no other engines in France, and the same kind alone were used in England in 1760. Professor Busch at least concludes so[605], from the account then given by Ferguson, who called Newsham's engine, which threw the water out in a continued stream, a new invention. In Germany the oldest engines are of this kind.

Who first conceived the idea of applying to the fire-engine an air-chamber, in which the included air, by compressing the water, forces it out in a continued stream, is not known. According to a conjecture of Perrault, Vitruvius seems to speak of a similar construction; but Perrault himself acknowledges that the obscure passage in question[606] might be explained in another manner. The air-chamber in its action has a similarity to Hero's fountain, in which the air compressed by the water obliges the latter to ascend[607].

I can find no older fire-engine constructed with an air-chamber than that of which Perrault has given a figure and description. He says it was kept in the king's library at Paris, and during fires could project water to a great height; that it had only one cylinder, and yet threw out the water in one continued jet. He mentions neither its age nor the inventor; and I can only add that his book was printed in 1684. The principle of this machine, however, seems to have been mentioned before by Mariotte, who on this account is by some considered as the inventor; but he does not appear to have had any idea of a fire-engine, at least he does not mention it.

It is certain that the air-chamber, at least in Germany, came into common use after it was applied by Leupold to fire-engines, a great number of which he manufactured and sold. He gave an account of it in a small work, consisting of four sheets quarto, which was published in 1720, but at first he kept the construction a secret. The engines which he sold consisted of a strong copper box closely shut and well-soldered. They weighed no more than sixteen pounds, occupied little room, had only one cylinder; and a man with one of them could force up the water without interruption to the height of from twenty to thirty feet. About 1725 Du Fay saw one of Leupold's engines at Strasburg, and discovered by conjecture the construction of it, which

he made known in the Transactions of the Academy of Sciences at Paris for that year. It is very singular that on this occasion Du Fay says nothing of Mariotte, or of the engine in the king's library. Leupold, however, had some time before, that is in 1724, given a description and figure in his *Theatrum Machinarum Hydraulicarum*[608], with which undoubtedly Du Fay was not acquainted.

Another improvement, no less useful, is the leather hose added to the engine, which can be lengthened or shortened as necessary, and to which the fire-pipe is applied, so that the person who directs the jet of water can approach the fire with less danger. This invention, it is well known, belongs to two Dutchmen, both named Jan van der Heide[609], who were inspectors of the apparatus for extinguishing fires at Amsterdam. The first public experiments made with it took place in 1672; and were attended with so much success, that at a fire next year, the old engines were used for the last time, and the new ones introduced in their stead. In 1677, the inventor obtained an exclusive privilege to make these engines during the period of twenty-five years. In 1682, engines on this construction were distributed in sufficient number throughout the whole city, and the old ones were entirely laid aside. In 1695 there were in Amsterdam sixty of these engines, the nearest six of which were to be employed at every fire. In the course of a few years they were common throughout all the towns in the Netherlands.

All these circumstances have been related by the inventor in a particular work; which, on account of the excellent engravings it contains, is exceedingly valuable[610]. Of these, the first seven represent dangerous conflagrations at which the old engines were used, but produced very little effect. One of them is the fire which took place in the stadthouse of Amsterdam in the year 1652. The twelve following plates represent fires which were extinguished by means of the new engines, and exhibit, at the same time, the various ways in which the engines may be employed with advantage. According to an annexed calculation, the city of Amsterdam lost by ten fires, when the old apparatus was in use, 1,024,130 florins; but in the following five years, after the introduction of the new engines, the loss occasioned by forty fires amounted only to 18,355 florins; so that the yearly saving was ninety-eight per cent. Of the internal construction of these engines no description or plates have been given; nor do I remember to

have read a passage in any author from which it can be concluded that they were furnished with an air-chamber, though in the patents they were always called _spouting-engines_, which threw up one continued jet of water. The account given even of the nature of the pipe or hose is short and defective, probably with a view to render it more difficult to be imitated. It is only said that it was made of leather in a particular manner; and that, besides being thick, it was capable of resisting the force of the water.

The conveyer or bringer was invented also about the same time by these two Dutchmen. This name is given at present to a box which has on the one side a sucking-pump, and on the other a forcing-pump. The former serves to raise the water from a stream, well, or other reservoir, by means of a stiff leathern pipe, having at the extremity a metal strainer pierced with holes to prevent the admission of dirt, and which is kept suspended above the mud by a round piece of cork. The forcing-pump drives the water thus drawn up through a leathern pipe into the engine, and renders the laborious conveyance of water by buckets unnecessary.

At first, indeed, this machine was exceedingly simple. It consisted only of a leathern pipe screwed to the engine, the end of which widened into a bag supported near the reservoir, and kept open by means of a frame, while the labourers poured water into it from buckets. A pump, however, to answer this purpose was soon constructed by the Van der Heides, who named it a _snake-pump_. By its means they were able to convey the water from the distance of a thousand feet; but I can find no account of the manner in which it was made. From the figure, I am inclined to think that they used only one cylinder with a lever. Sometimes also they placed a portable pump in the water, which was thus drawn into a leathern hose connected with it, and conveyed to the engine. Every pipe or hose for conveying water in this manner they called a _wasserschlang_, water-snake, and this was not made of leather, like the hose furnished with a fire-pipe, but of sail-cloth. They announced, however, that it required a particular preparation, which consisted in making it water-tight by means of a proper cement. The pipe also, through which the water is drawn up, must be stiffened and distended by means of metal rings; otherwise the external air, on the first stroke of the pump, would compress the pipe, so that it could admit no water. It is here seen that pipes made of sail-cloth are not

so new an invention as many have supposed. That our present apparatus for conveying water to the fire-engine is much more ingenious, as well as convenient, must be allowed; but I would strongly recommend that in all cities there should be pumps, or running wells of water, to the spout of which pipes having one end screwed to a fire-engine might be affixed. The Van der Heides, among the advantages of their invention, stated that this apparatus rendered it unnecessary to have leathern buckets, which are expensive, or at any rate lessened their number, as well as that of the workmen.

From this account, the truth of which cannot be doubted, one may readily believe that engines with leathern hose were certainly not invented by Gottfried Fuchs, director of the fire apparatus at Copenhagen, in the year 1697, as publicly announced in 1717, with the addition, that this invention was soon employed both in Holland and at Hamburg. Fuchs seems only to have made known the Dutch invention in Denmark, on occasion of the great fire which took place on the 19th of April 1689, at the Opera-house of Amalienburg, when the beautiful palace of that name, and more than 350 persons were consumed. At any rate we are told in history, that, in consequence of this calamity, an improvement was made in the fire establishment, by new regulations issued on the 23rd of July 1689, and that engines on the Dutch construction, which had been used more than twelve years at Amsterdam, were introduced.

Hose or pipes of this kind for conveying water were however not entirely unknown to the ancients. At least the architect Apollodorus says, that to convey water to high places exposed to fiery darts, the gut of an ox, having a bag filled with water affixed to it, might be employed; for on compressing the bag, the water would be forced up through the gut to the place of its destination[611]. This was a conveyer of the simplest kind.

Among the latest proposals for improving the hose is that of weaving one without a seam. In 1720, some of this kind were made of hemp at Leipsic, by Beck, a lace-weaver, as we are told by Leupold, in his before-mentioned work on fire-engines, which was printed the same year. After this they were made by Erke, a linen-weaver of Weimar; and at a later period they were made of linen at Dresden, and also in Silesia[612]. In England, Hegner and Ehrliholzer had a manufactory at

Bethnal-green, near London, where they made water-tight hose without seams[613]. Some of the same kind are made by M. Mögling on his estate near Stutgard, on a loom of his own invention, and are now used in many towns of the duchy of Wirtemberg. I shall here remark, that Braun had a loom on which shirts could be wove without a seam, like those curious works of art sometimes brought from the East Indies, and of which he has given a full description with an engraving[614].

In the last place, I shall observe, that notwithstanding the belief of the Turks in predestination, fire-engines are in use at Constantinople, having been introduced by Ibrahim Effendi.

[The fire-engines now in use are made upon the air-chamber principle above-described. Mr. Braithwaite has applied steam-power to the working of fire-engines. On this principle a locomotive and a floating engine have been constructed. The former was first employed at a fire in the Argyle Rooms in 1830. It required eighteen minutes to elapse before the water in the boiler was raised to 212°, and threw up from thirty to forty tons of water per hour, to a height of ninety feet. Two others have been constructed by the same engineer, one of which threw up ninety tons of water per hour, and one made for the king of Prussia threw up about 61¾ tons per minute. In the steam floating engine which lies in the Thames, the machinery either propels the vessel, or works the pumps as required. The pipes used for conveying the water from the plugs to the engines are now constructed of leather, the seams being either sewed up or fastened with metallic rivets.]

FOOTNOTES

[582] Lib. x. cap. 12, p. 347. Compare lib. ix. cap. 9. p. 321.

[583] In that book entitled Πνευματικά, or Spiritualia. It may be found Greek and Latin in Veterum Mathematicorum Opera, Parisiis 1693, fol. p. 180.

[584] Epist. 42, lib. x.

[585] Lib. v. edit. Almel. p. 360.

[586] Plin. lib. v. cap. ult.

[587] Poliorcetica, p. 32, in Veterum Mathematicorum Opera.

[588] Orig. xx. 6. Fire-engines are used in many towns to wash the windows in the upper stories, which cannot be taken out.

[589] See Digest. i. tit. 15, where all persons are ordered to have water always ready in their houses. Also Digest. 47, tit. 9. Many things relating to this subject may be found in L. A. Hambergeri Opuscula, Jenæ et Lips. 1740, 8vo, p. 12; in the Dissertation de Incendiis. Further information respecting the police establishment of the Romans in regard to fires, is contained in two dissertations, entitled G. C. Marquarti de Cura Romanorum circa Incendia. Lips. 1689, 4to. And Ev. Ottonis Dissertat de Officio Præfecti Vigilum circa Incendia. Ultrajecti 1733.

[590] Digest. xxxiii. 7, 18. Dier. Genial. v. 24.

[591] Controvers. 9, libri ii.

[592] In Germany also the roads and the distance between the ruts made by cart-wheels were in old times very narrow. Some years ago, when the new tile-kiln was built before the Geismar gate at Göttingen, there was found at a great depth, a proof of its antiquity, a street or road which had formerly proceeded to the city with so small a space marked out by carriage-wheels, that one like it is not to be seen in Germany.

[593] Lib. ii. cap. 8.

[594] Hanovii Disquisitiones. Gedani 1750, 4to, p. 65.

[595] Annæ Comnenæ Alexiad. lib. 16. p. 385; πῦρ ὑγρόν.

[596] A projectile machine of this kind is mentioned by Joinville, p. 39.

[597] See the passage of Anna Comnena quoted by Hanov. p. 335.

[598] In Leonis Allatii Σύμμικτα. Colon. 1653, 8vo, p. 239.

[599] Cap. 19, § 6, p. 322.

[600] Pp. 344, 346.

[601] Thus in the year 1466 straw thatch, and in 1474 the use of shingles were forbidden at Frankfort.--Lersner, ii. p. 22.

[602] Doppelmayer says that the water was driven to the height of a hundred feet.

[603] Doppelmayer, p. 303.

[604] Contin. du Traite de la Police, par De la Mare, p. 137.

[605] Mathematik zum Nutzen und Vergnügen, 8vo, p. 396.

[606] Lib. x. cap. 12.

[607] Spiritualia, 36, p. 35.

[608] Vol. i. p. 120, tab. 45, fig. 2.

[609] In the patent, however, they were named _Jan_ and _Nicholas van der Heyden_.

[610] Beschryving der nieuwliiks uitgevonden Slang-Brand-Spuiten, Jan van der Heide, Amst. 1690, folio.

[611] Poliorcet. page 32.

[612] Leipziger Intelligenzblatt, 1775, p. 345; and 1767, p. 69. Teutscher Merkur, 1783.

[613] Lysons's Environs of London.

[614] Vestitus Sacerdotum Hebræorum. Amst. 1701, 4to, i. p. 273. Much useful information in regard to various improvements in the apparatus for extinguishing fires may be found in Aug. Niemann Uebersicht der Sicherungsmittel gegen Feuersgefahren. Hamb. und Kiel, 1796, 8vo.



MORALIDAD DE PARIS CON RELACION Á LA LEY

Project Gutenberg's *Un paseo por Paris, retratos al natural*, by Roque Barcia

Llegamos á Paris á las tres de la tarde, y no faltaba mucho para oscurecer, cuando entrábamos en un hotel, llamado de los Extranjeros, á tiro de pistola de los magníficos bulevares. Comimos luego en un lujoso y _aéreo Restaurant_, situado en la Plaza de la Bolsa, cuyo dueño se llama como jamás olvidaré, _Champeaux_. Ignoro si este nombre puede tener para los oídos franceses alguna poesía; pero sé muy bien que es un nombre célebre, prosáica y dolorosamente célebre para mi afligido bolsillo, como verá el lector en el PARIS CURIOSO.

A las diez salimos del famoso _Restaurant-Champeaux_, y por señas que mi mujer y yo caminábamos sin decirnos oste ni moste. ¿Por qué tal silencio? Preguntará tal vez algun curioso. ¡Ay, lector, lector de nuestra alma! Ordinariamente no hablamos, despues que somos ... sorprendidos. La escena del _Restaurant_ nos dejó mudos. De vuelta, por fin, en nuestro hotel, quiso mi mujer acostarse y notó con harta extrañeza que los dos balcones de nuestra habitacion no tenian maderas, y que á una de las vidrieras faltaba el pestillo. Es decir, notó con extrañeza que dormir allí era dormir en medio de la calle, á pública subasta, como decimos por allá. Se trataba de un piso entresuelo muy bajo, no habia puerta en los balcones que daban á la calle, uno de los cierros de cristales carecia de pestillo.... ¿Cómo era posible que mi mujer, la más medrosa de las mujeres, se resignara á pegar los ojos en un cuarto, expuesto al antojo del primer transeunte?

Llamo al _garçon_, y le digo que se habian olvidado sin duda de poner las maderas á los balcones, y que una de las vidrieras no cerraba. El _garçon_ se sonrió compasivamente. Hace cuarenta años, me dijo, que este hotel existe; tal como está hoy estuvo siempre, y todavía no se cuenta que haya sucedido la menor tentativa de robo.

¡Bah! no tenga usted miedo. (¡N'ayez pas peur, allez!) Y diciendo esto se marchaba.

--Oiga usted, le grité con resolucion: ¿es decir, que nos hemos de quedar de este modo?

--El amo responde de lo que suceda.

--Perdone usted; el amo no puede responder de que me degüellen, y si esto aconteciera, me importaria muy poco que su amo respondiese.

El garçon soltó una carcajada con el mayor aplomo, cual si creyera que yo queria tener con él un rato de solaz, y desapareció como un cohete.

Referí á mi mujer lo sucedido, y mi mujer determinó pasar, la noche cerca de los cristales, reservándose mudar de habitacion al dia siguiente.

Yo calculé que la sinrazon no estaba en el amo del hotel, sino en nosotros. Esto es una costumbre del país, costumbre que no tiene aquí peligro alguno: ¿por qué prestar oídos al temor infundado de un extranjero, en cuya nacion se vive de otro modo?

¿Por qué presumir que nosotros dos estimamos más nuestros bienes y nuestras vidas, que los centenares de hombres que diariamente se hospedan en este mismo hotel? ¿Por qué presumir que el amo habia de exponerse á perder los muchos objetos de valor que decoran nuestra vivienda? ¿Por qué presumir que un establecimiento tan importante, podia aceptar el riesgo de desacreditarse en una hora, supuesto un robo ó un asesinato?

Yo preferiria que estos balcones tuviesen maderas; preferiria que los transeuntes no tuvieran la tentacion contínua de ver dos balcones á su disposicion, dos balcones que pueden tocarse con la mano; pero visto que esto es aquí un hecho normal, me parece tan extravagante y tan ridículo querer otra cosa, como lo seria en Constantinopla el pretender que cada casa no fuese un palacio encantado.

En fin, mi mujer se acostó, por obediencia, y no cerró los ojos hasta que observó que estaba muy entrado el dia. Pero luego que nos habituamos á la vida nueva, tanto el dinero como los relojes quedaban sobre la mesa ó sobre el armario, casi á la vista del que pasara por la calle.

Excusado fuera decir que nadie vino á desposeernos ni á matarnos.

Hemos atravesado varias veces todo Paris: jamás hemos tenido noticia de un robo á mano armada, de un asesinato, de un tumulto de ninguna especie. Sólo hemos presenciado una riña entre dos hombres en la calle de Buenavista _(Beauregard)_, disturbio que duró un momento y que no tuvo consecuencias desagradables. Trato, pesos, medidas, comestibles, todo se ajusta perfectamente á la ley.

Estudiado Paris en otras tendencias, apenas se concibe, ó se concibe como concebimos un prodigio, la existencia de ese escrupuloso nivel entre la conducta social del que obedece, y la voluntad del que manda. Este nivel es evidente, y sólo la ignorancia, la preocupacion ó el odio pueden desconocerlo.

Hemos estudiado con el mayor esmero esta faz de la civilizacion parisiense, y debemos decir que muy rara vez hemos visto que una manifestacion pública del individuo, esté en discordancia con el precepto de la sociedad: es decir, con las leyes escritas.

No falta quien haya atribuido este resultado á la vigilancia de la policía; pero esta manera de juzgar no es la que más revela un conocimiento sazonado de las cosas.

La policía, como todo hecho represivo, podrá evitar casos particulares, accidentes de localidad y de hora; no producir un caso general, unánime, con rarísimas excepciones. Aquí es una disposicion general de los ánimos y de las costumbres no herir la propiedad, en cuanto esta propiedad está garantida por una proclamacion formal de la ley.

Para que esta disposicion de los ánimos y de las costumbres fuese resultado de la vigilancia de la policía, fuera menester que cada individuo tuviera un vigilante tan unido á él como el pié á su huella, lo cual nos llevaria á suponer la existencia de tantos espías como ciudadanos. Esto es absurdo.

Cuando un pueblo es tan inmoral que cada uno de sus hijos necesita un espía para no ser asesino ó ladron, no hay fuerzas humanas que impidan que el individuo de aquella sociedad sea ladron ó asesino. El espía no puede hacer otra cosa que añadir á la suma un guarismo nuevo. El

ciudadano criminal tendria necesidad de un cómplice: este cómplice seria su propio guardian, la policía, el espionaje. El espionaje, pues, sólo serviria para dar autoridad á los crímenes, ó para sucumbir en la lucha. Sí, la policía tendria que ser cómplice, ó robada y asesinada por el ladron y por el asesino.

¿Quién lo duda? Cuando un cáncer se apodera de todo nuestro cuerpo ¿dónde encontrareis carne sana que oponer á la carne cancerosa? Si el cáncer está en todas partes, si hay que cortarlo todo, ¿en qué punto concebís la vida? ¿De qué manera concebís la vida en una carne que debe cortarse?

Esto no puede ser, y no pudiendo ser en ningun país del mundo, no hay razon para que sea en Paris. No, no es la policía. Policía hay en Austria, y la criminalidad es incomparablemente mayor. La Inglaterra mantiene hoy menos policía que el imperio francés, y la Inglaterra es un país más morigerado que Francia. Menos policía tiene Bélgica, mucha menos, y las costumbres de aquel país son bastante mejores que las del pueblo que examino. En caso parecido se encuentran la Holanda, algunos Estados alemanes, las Ciudades Libres y la Suiza.

Cerdeña tiene menos policía que Nápoles, y Nápoles es más criminal que Cerdeña en una proporcion fabulosa.

No, la policía es un hecho puramente exterior, y de este origen no pueden provenir las altas razones morales, religiosas, políticas y económicas, que marcan los grados de sociabilidad en todos los pueblos de la tierra, sociabilidad que es el gran círculo donde todos los hechos humanos se contienen, las costumbres tambien.

No; la represion hace lo que una argolla. La argolla no tiene la virtud de convertir á los malvados. La argolla no es un poder humano, un poder moral; mata, no educa.

Pues ¿de dónde procede la religiosidad del pueblo francés en atemperarse al precepto público? Sobre esto diremos despues unas cuantas palabras. Ahora no hacemos más que exponer hechos, y el hecho es que aquella religiosidad exterior se manifiesta de una manera incuestionable. Vamos ahora á ver las cosas de otro modo.



WALTER PATER

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Figures of Several Centuries*, by Arthur Symons

Writing about Botticelli, in that essay which first interpreted Botticelli to the modern world, Pater said, after naming the supreme artists, Michelangelo or Leonardo:

But, besides these great men, there is a certain number of artists who have a distinct faculty of their own by which they convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure which we cannot get elsewhere; and these, too, have their place in general culture, and must be interpreted to it by those who have felt their charm strongly, and are often the objects of a special diligence and a consideration wholly affectionate, just because there is not about them the stress of a great name and authority.

It is among these rare artists, so much more interesting, to many, than the very greatest, that Pater belongs; and he can only be properly understood, loved, or even measured by those to whom it is 'the delicacies of fine literature' that chiefly appeal. There have been greater prose-writers in our language, even in our time; but he was, as Mallarmé called him, 'le prosateur ouvrage par excellence de ce temps.' For strangeness and subtlety of temperament, for rarity and delicacy of form, for something incredibly attractive to those who felt his attraction, he was as unique in our age as Botticelli in the great age of Raphael. And he, too, above all to those who knew him, can scarcely fail to become, not only 'the object of a special diligence,' but also of 'a consideration wholly affectionate,' not lessened by the slowly increasing 'stress of authority' which is coming to be laid, almost by the world in general, on his name.

In the work of Pater, thought moves to music, and does all its hard work as if in play. And Pater seems to listen for his thought, and to overhear it, as the poet overhears his song in the air. It is like music, and has something of the character of poetry, yet, above all, it is precise, individual, thought filtered through a temperament; and it comes to us as it does because the style which clothes and fits it is a style in which, to use some of his own words, 'the writer succeeds in saying what he _wills_.'

The style of Pater has been praised and blamed for its particular qualities of colour, harmony, weaving; but it has not always, or often, been realised that what is most wonderful in the style is precisely its adaptability to every shade of meaning or intention, its extraordinary closeness in following the turns of thought, the waves of sensation, in the man himself. Everything in Pater was in harmony, when you got accustomed to its particular forms of expression: the heavy frame, so slow and deliberate in movement, so settled in repose; the timid and yet scrutinising eyes; the mannered, yet so personal, voice; the precise, pausing speech, with its urbanity, its almost painful conscientiousness of utterance; the whole outer mask, in short, worn for protection and out of courtesy, yet moulded upon the inner truth of nature like a mask moulded upon the features which it covers. And the books are the man, literally the man in many accents, turns of phrase; and, far more than that, the man himself, whom one felt through his few, friendly, intimate, serious words: the inner life of his soul coming close to us, in a slow and gradual revelation.

He has said, in the first essay of his which we have:

The artist and he who has treated life in the spirit of art desires only to be shown to the world as he really is; as he comes nearer and nearer to perfection, the veil of an outer life, not simply expressive of the inward, becomes thinner and thinner.

And Pater seemed to draw up into himself every form of earthly beauty, or of the beauty made by men, and many forms of knowledge and wisdom, and a sense of human things which was neither that of the lover nor of the priest, but partly of both; and his work was the giving out of all

this again, with a certain labour to give it wholly. It is all, the criticism, and the stories, and the writing about pictures and places, a confession, the *_vraie vérité_* (as he was fond of saying) about the world in which he lived. That world he thought was open to all; he was sure that it was the real blue and green earth, and that he caught the tangible moments as they passed. It was a world into which we can only look, not enter, for none of us have his secret. But part of his secret was in the gift and cultivation of a passionate temperance, an unrelaxing attentiveness to whatever was rarest and most delightful in passing things.

In Pater logic is of the nature of ecstasy, and ecstasy never soars wholly beyond the reach of logic. Pater is keen in pointing out the liberal and spendthrift weakness of Coleridge in his thirst for the absolute, his 'hunger for eternity,' and for his part he is content to set all his happiness, and all his mental energies, on a relative basis, on a valuation of the things of eternity under the form of time. He asks for no 'larger flowers' than the best growth of the earth; but he would choose them flower by flower, and for himself. He finds life worth just living, a thing satisfying in itself, if you are careful to extract its essence, moment by moment, not in any calculated 'hedonism,' even of the mind, but in a quiet, discriminating acceptance of whatever is beautiful, active, or illuminating in every moment. As he grew older he added something more like a Stoic sense of 'duty' to the old, properly and severely Epicurean doctrine of 'pleasure.' Pleasure was never, for Pater, less than the essence of all knowledge, all experience, and not merely all that is rarest in sensation; it was religious from the first, and had always to be served with a strict ritual. 'Only be sure it is passion,' he said of that spirit of divine motion to which he appealed for the quickening of our sense of life, our sense of ourselves; be sure, he said, 'that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness.' What he cared most for at all times was that which could give 'the highest quality to our moments as they pass'; he differed only, to a certain extent, in his estimation of what that was. 'The herb, the wine, the gem' of the preface to the *_Renaissance_* tended more and more to become, under less outward symbols of perfection, 'the discovery, the new faculty, the privileged apprehension' by which 'the imaginative regeneration of the world' should be brought about, or even, at times, a brooding over 'what the soul passes, and must pass, through, *_aux abois_* with nothingness, or with those offended mysterious powers

that may really occupy it.'

When I first met Pater he was nearly fifty. I did not meet him for about two years after he had been writing to me, and his first letter reached me when I was just over twenty-one. I had been writing verse all my life, and what Browning was to me in verse Pater, from about the age of seventeen, had been to me in prose. Meredith made the third; but his form of art was not, I knew never could be, mine. Verse, I suppose, requires no teaching, but it was from reading Pater's *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, in its first edition on ribbed paper (I have the feel of it still in my fingers), that I realised that prose also could be a fine art. That book opened a new world to me, or, rather, gave me the key or secret of the world in which I was living. It taught me that there was a beauty besides the beauty of what one calls inspiration, and comes and goes, and cannot be caught or followed; that life (which had seemed to me of so little moment) could be itself a work of art; from that book I realised for the first time that there was anything interesting or vital in the world besides poetry and music. I caught from it an unlimited curiosity, or, at least, the direction of curiosity into definite channels.

The knowledge that there was such a person as Pater in the world, an occasional letter from him, an occasional meeting, and, gradually, the definite encouragement of my work in which, for some years, he was unfailingly generous and attentive, meant more to me, at that time, than I can well indicate, or even realise, now. It was through him that my first volume of verse was published; and it was through his influence and counsels that I trained myself to be infinitely careful in all matters of literature. Influence and counsel were always in the direction of sanity, restraint, precision.

I remember a beautiful phrase which he once made up, in his delaying way, with 'wells' and 'no doubts' in it, to describe, and to describe supremely, a person whom I had seemed to him to be disparaging. 'He does,' he said meditatively, 'remind me of, well, of a steam-engine stuck in the mud. But he is so enthusiastic!' Pater liked people to be enthusiastic, but, with him, enthusiasm was an ardent quietude, guarded by the wary humour that protects the sensitive. He looked upon undue earnestness, even in outward manner, in a world through which the artist

is bound to go on a wholly 'secret errand,' as bad form, which shocked him as much in persons as bad style did in books. He hated every form of extravagance, noise, mental or physical, with a temperamental hatred: he suffered from it, in his nerves and in his mind. And he had no less dislike of whatever seemed to him either morbid or sordid, two words which he often used to express his distaste for things and people. He never would have appreciated writers like Verlaine, because of what seemed to him perhaps unnecessarily 'sordid' in their lives. It pained him, as it pains some people, perhaps only because they are more acutely sensitive than others, to walk through mean streets, where people are poor, miserable, and hopeless.

And since I have mentioned Verlaine, I may say that what Pater most liked in poetry was the very opposite of such work as that of Verlaine, which he might have been supposed likely to like. I do not think it was actually one of Verlaine's poems, but something done after his manner in English, that some reviewer once quoted, saying: 'That, to our mind, would be Mr. Pater's ideal of poetry.' Pater said to me, with a sad wonder, 'I simply don't know what he meant.' What he liked in poetry was something even more definite than can be got in prose; and he valued poets like Dante and like Rossetti for their 'delight in concrete definition,' not even quite seeing the ultimate magic of such things as 'Kubla Khan', which he omitted in a brief selection from the poetry of Coleridge. In the most interesting letter which I ever had from him, the only letter which went to six pages, he says:

12 EARL'S TERRACE,
KENSINGTON, W.,
Jan. 8, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. SYMONS,--I feel much flattered at your choosing me as an arbiter in the matter of your literary work, and thank you for the pleasure I have had in reading carefully the two poems you have sent me. I don't use the word 'arbiter' loosely for 'critic'; but suppose a real controversy, on the question whether you shall spend your best energies in writing verse, between your poetic aspirations on the one side, and prudence (calculating results) on the other. Well! judging by these two pieces, I should say that you have a poetic talent remarkable, especially at the present day, for

precise and intellectual grasp on the matter it deals with.

Rossetti, I believe, said that the value of every artistic product was in direct proportion to the amount of purely intellectual force that went to the initial conception of it: and it is just this intellectual conception which seems to me to be so conspicuously wanting in what, in some ways, is the most characteristic verse of our time, especially that of our secondary poets. In your own pieces, particularly in your MS. 'A Revenge,' I find Rossetti's requirement fulfilled, and should anticipate great things from one who has the talent of conceiving his motive with so much firmness and tangibility--with that close logic, if I may say so, which is an element in any genuinely imaginative process. It is clear to me that you aim at this, and it is what gives your verses, to my mind, great interest. Otherwise, I think the two pieces of unequal excellence, greatly preferring 'A Revenge' to 'Bell in Camp.' Reserving some doubt whether the watch, as the lover's gift, is not a little bourgeois, I think this piece worthy of any poet. It has that aim of concentration and organic unity which I value greatly both in prose and verse. 'Bell in Camp' pleases me less, for the same reason which makes me put Rossetti's 'Jenny,' and some of Browning's pathetic-satiric pieces, below the rank which many assign them. In no one of the poems I am thinking of, is the inherent sordidness of everything in the persons supposed, except the one poetic trait then under treatment, quite forgotten. Otherwise, I feel the pathos, the humour, of the piece (in the full sense of the word humour) and the skill with which you have worked out your motive therein. I think the present age an unfavourable one to poets, at least in England. The young poet comes into a generation which has produced a large amount of first-rate poetry, and an enormous amount of good secondary poetry. You know I give a high place to the literature of prose as a fine art, and therefore hope you won't think me brutal in saying that the admirable qualities of your verse are those also of imaginative prose; as I think is the case also with much of Browning's finest verse. I should say, make prose your principal *_métier_*, as a man of letters, and publish your verse as a more intimate gift for those who already value you for your pedestrian work in literature. I should think you ought to find no difficulty in finding a publisher for poems such as those you have sent to me.

I am more than ever anxious to meet you. Letters are such poor means of communication. Don't come to London without making an appointment to come and see me here.--Very sincerely yours,

WALTER PATER.

'Browning, one of my best-loved writers,' is a phrase I find in his first letter to me, in December 1886, thanking me for a little book on Browning which I had just published. There is, I think, no mention of any other writer except Shakespeare (besides the reference to Rossetti which I have just quoted) in any of the fifty or sixty letters which I have from him. Everything that is said about books is a direct matter of business: work which he was doing, of which he tells me, or which I was doing, about which he advises and encourages me.

In practical things Pater was wholly vague, troubled by their persistence when they pressed upon him. To wrap up a book to send by post was an almost intolerable effort, and he had another reason for hesitating. 'I take your copy of Shakespeare's sonnets with me,' he writes in June 1889, 'hoping to be able to restore it to you there lest it should get bruised by transit through the post.' He wrote letters with distaste, never really well, and almost always with excuses or regrets in them: 'Am so over-burdened (my time, I mean) just now with pupils, lectures, and the making thereof'; or, with hopes for a meeting: 'Letters are such poor means of communication: when are we to meet?' or, as a sort of hasty makeshift: 'I send this prompt answer, for I know by experience that when I delay my delays are apt to be lengthy.' A review took him sometimes a year to get through; and remained in the end, like his letters, a little cramped, never finished to the point of ease, like his published writings. To lecture was a great trial to him. Two of the three lectures which I have heard in my life were given by Pater, one on *Mérimée*, at the London Institution, in November 1890, and the other on *Raphael*, at Toynbee Hall, in 1892. I never saw a man suffer a severer humiliation. The act of reading his written lecture was an agony which communicated itself to the main part of the audience. Before going into the hall at Whitechapel he had gone into a church to compose his mind a little, between the discomfort of the underground railway and the distress of the lecture-hall.

In a room, if he was not among very intimate friends, Pater was rarely quite at his ease, but he liked being among people, and he made the greater satisfaction overcome the lesser reluctance. He was particularly fond of cats, and I remember one evening, when I had been dining with him in London, the quaint, solemn, and perfectly natural way in which he took up the great black Persian, kissed it, and set it down carefully again on his way upstairs. Once at Oxford he told me that M. Bourget had sent him the first volume of his *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*, and that the cat had got hold of the book and torn up the part containing the essay on Baudelaire, 'and as Baudelaire was such a lover of cats I thought she might have spared him!'

We were talking once about fairs, and I had been saying how fond I was of them. He said: 'I am fond of them, too. I always go to fairs. I am getting to find they are very similar.' Then he began to tell me about the fairs in France, and I remember, as if it were an unpublished fragment in one of his stories, the minute, coloured impression of the booths, the little white horses of the 'roundabouts,' and the little wild beast shows, in which what had most struck him was the interest of the French peasant in the wolf, a creature he might have seen in his own woods. 'An English clown would not have looked at a wolf if he could have seen a tiger.'

I once asked Pater if his family was really connected with that of the painter, Jean-Baptiste Pater. He said: 'I think so, I believe so, I always say so.' The relationship has never been verified, but one would like to believe it; to find something lineally Dutch in the English writer. It was, no doubt, through this kind of family interest that he came to work upon Goncourt's essay and the contemporary *Life of Watteau* by the Count de Caylus, printed in the first series of *L'Art du XVIII^e Siècle*, out of which he has made certainly the most living of his *Imaginary Portraits*, that *Prince of Court Painters* which is supposed to be the journal of a sister of Jean-Baptiste Pater, whom we see in one of Watteau's portraits in the Louvre. As far back as 1889[4] Pater was working towards a second volume of *Imaginary Portraits*, of which *Hippolytus Veiled* was to have been one. He had another subject in Moroni's *Portrait of a Tailor* in the National Gallery, whom he was going to make a Burgomaster; and another was to have been a study of life in the time of the Albigensian persecution. There was also to be a modern study: could this have been *Emerald Uthwart*? No doubt *Apollo*

in *Picardy*, published in 1893, would have gone into the volume. *The Child in the House*, which was printed as an *Imaginary Portrait*, in *Macmillans Magazine* in 1878, was really meant to be the first chapter of a romance which was to show 'the poetry of modern life,' something, he said, as *Aurora Leigh* does. There is much personal detail in it, the red hawthorn, for instance, and he used to talk to me of the old house at Tunbridge, where his great-aunt lived, and where he spent much of his time when a child. He remembered the gipsies there, and their caravans, when they came down for the hop-picking; and the old lady in her large cap going out on the lawn to do battle with the surveyors who had come to mark out a railway across it; and his terror of the train, and of 'the red flag, which meant *blood*.' It was because he always dreamed of going on with it that he did not reprint this imaginary portrait in the book of *Imaginary Portraits*; but he did not go on with it because, having begun the long labour of *Marius*, it was out of his mind for many years, and when, in 1889, he still spoke of finishing it, he was conscious that he could never continue it in the same style, and that it would not be satisfactory to rewrite it in his severer, later manner. It remains, perhaps fortunately, a fragment, to which no continuation could ever add a more essential completeness.

Style, in Pater, varied more than is generally supposed, in the course of his development, and, though never thought of as a thing apart from what it expresses, was with him a constant preoccupation. Let writers, he said, 'make time to write English more as a learned language.' It has been said that Ruskin, De Quincey, and Flaubert were among the chief 'origins' of Pater's style; it is curiously significant that matter, in Pater, was developed before style, and that in the bare and angular outlines of the earliest fragment, *Diaphanéité*, there is already the substance which is to be clothed upon by beautiful and appropriate flesh in the *Studies in the Renaissance*. Ruskin, I never heard him mention, but I do not doubt that there, to the young man beginning to concern himself with beauty in art and literature, was at least a quickening influence. Of De Quincey he spoke with an admiration which I had difficulty in sharing, and I remember his showing me with pride a set of his works bound in half-parchment, with pale gold lettering on the white backs, and with the cinnamon edges which he was so fond of. Of Flaubert we rarely met without speaking. He thought *Julien l'Hospitalier* as perfect as anything he had done. *L'Education Sentimentale* was one of the books which he advised me to read; that, and *Le Rouge et le Noir*

of Stendhal; and he spoke with particular admiration of two episodes in the former, the sickness and the death of the child. Of the Goncourts he spoke with admiration tempered by dislike. Their books often repelled him, yet their way of doing things seemed to him just the way things should be done; and done before almost any one else. He often read *Madame Gervaisais*, and he spoke of *Chérie* (for all its 'immodesty') as an admirable thing, and a model for all such studies.

Once, as we were walking in Oxford, he pointed to a window and said, with a slow smile: 'That is where I get my Zolas.' He was always a little on his guard in respect of books; and, just as he read Flaubert and Goncourt because they were intellectual neighbours, so he could read Zola for mere pastime, knowing that there would be nothing there to distract him. I remember telling him about *The Story of an African Farm*, and of the wonderful human quality in it. He said, repeating his favourite formula: 'No doubt you are quite right; but I do not suppose I shall ever read it.' And he explained to me that he was always writing something, and that while he was writing he did not allow himself to read anything which might possibly affect him too strongly, by bringing a new current of emotion to bear upon him. He was quite content that his mind should 'keep as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world'; it was that prisoner's dream of a world that it was his whole business as a writer to remember, to perpetuate.

1906.

FOOTNOTE:

[4] In this same year he intended to follow the *Appreciations* by a volume of *Studies of Greek Remains*, in which he then meant to include the studies in Platonism, not yet written; and he had thought of putting together a volume of 'theory,' which was to include the essay on Style. In two or three years' time, he thought, *Gastom de Latour* would be finished.



USAGES ET CROYANCES.

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Dictionnaire du patois du pays de Bray*, by Jean-Eugène Decorde

ABEILLES.

Sur le deuil des abeilles, voyez *_Mouches à miel_*, dans le Dictionnaire. Les abeilles offrent bien assez d'intérêt à l'observateur, sans leur prêter un instinct dont elles ne jouissent point.

On dit que les abeilles qui essaient le jour du Saint-Sacrement forment, dans la ruche, un travail en forme d'ostensoir, c'est-à-dire que les rayons aboutissent au centre de la ruche, au lieu d'être transversaux. Nous ne nions pas ce genre de travail; mais, jusqu'à preuve contraire, nous croyons que tous les essaims qui sortent en ce jour ne travaillent pas de la même manière, et qu'on peut observer ce genre de travail dans les ruches d'essaims sortis en d'autres jours.

CARREAU.

Dans la campagne, les bonnes femmes désignent sous ce nom tout embarras gastrique, toute maladie chronique, toute affection malade dont la guérison se fait attendre. Dans leur pensée, aucun âge n'en est exempt; nous nous rappelons avoir entendu dire d'une personne octogénaire, qu'elle était *_morte du carreau_*, parce qu'on ne l'avait pas fait toucher_. Voyez, dans le Dictionnaire, le mot *_Carreau_*.

CHARDON (*_Jeu du_*).

Parfois les moissonneurs laissent un gros chardon debout; ils placent quelques petits rubans dans ses feuilles; et, au moment de faire scier la *_dernière poignée_*, ils présentent au maître de maison une faucille dont le manche est orné de *_lisets_*, en le priant de commencer le jeu, c'est-à-dire de se placer à une distance convenable et de lancer la faucille sur le chardon pour le couper. Ordinairement le cultivateur place une pièce d'argent au pied du chardon; c'est le prix de la victoire.

CHEVAUX.

Lorsqu'on conduit les chevaux à l'eau, on a l'habitude de siffler pour les engager à boire. Par un contraste assez singulier, il est aussi d'usage de siffler pour les engager à p.....

CHOUETTES.

Le cri de la chouette, aux environs d'une habitation, est considéré comme un signe de mortalité.

CIERGES.

Si les cierges placés à l'autel brûlent mal, quand on fait célébrer la messe pour un malade, on est persuadé qu'il ne guérira pas.

DERNIÈRE POIGNÉE (_La_).

Dans les communes où l'on n'offre pas de _glane_ au commencement de la moisson (voir plus bas), les moissonneurs font scier la _dernière poignée_. Voyez ce mot dans le Dictionnaire.

EAU BÉNITE.

Le Samedi saint, en certaines communes, l'instituteur se présente à chaque maison de la paroisse, il trempe une branche de buis dans un petit vase plein d'eau bénite, qu'il porte avec lui, et il asperge l'habitation. Ensuite, il offre du pain à chanter qu'il a fait bénir, et reçoit des oeufs qu'il vend à son profit. (Voir notre _Essai sur le canton de Neuchâtel_, page 114.)

Quand il pleut le dimanche avant l'eau bénite, on est persuadé que c'est signe qu'il pleuvra pendant toute la semaine.

On prétend que l'enfant qui _étrenne_ les fonts, c'est-à-dire celui qui est baptisé le premier après la bénédiction des fonts, meurt dans l'année.

FLANS (_Les_).

C'est ainsi qu'on désigne encore, en certaines communes, le jour de la fête patronale. Ainsi, on dit: _Les Flans de Bures_, pour indiquer la fête de Saint-Agnan, patron de cette paroisse. Cette habitude vient de l'ancien usage, encore en vigueur, de préparer des _flans_ ou tartes pour ce jour.

GLANE (_La_).

Le premier jour de la moisson, on forme une glane d'épis choisis, artistement disposés et ornés de fleurs et de rubans de soie. Les moissonneurs se réunissent en corps pour aller offrir cette glane à la maîtresse de maison; celui ou celle qui la présente débite un petit compliment; après quoi on arrose la fête avec quelques pots de gros cidre.

NOEL (_Les douze jours de_).

On prétend que la température des _douze jours de Noël_, c'est-à-dire des jours qui se trouvent à partir du 25 décembre jusqu'au 5 janvier, indique le temps de chacun des douze mois de l'année suivante. Ainsi, le temps du 25 décembre indique le temps qu'il fera en janvier; le temps du 26, celui du mois de février, etc.

RAMEAUX.

Bien des gens sont convaincus que les blés dépériront pendant quarante jours, s'il pleut le jour des Rameaux.

ROIS.

La veille des Rois, les enfants parcourent les rues avec des lanternes de papier de diverses couleurs, attachées au bout d'un bâton, et crient de toute leur force:

Boujou les Rois,
Jusqu'à douze mois!
Boujou la Reine,
Jusqu'à six s'maines!
Boujou l'_crapou_,
Jusqu'au mois d'août!

Le lendemain, jour des Rois, ils recommencent la même procession et les mêmes chants, en remplaçant le mot _boujou_ par celui d'_adieu_.

SAINT-JEAN (_Feux de_).

En certaines communes, on fait un feu de joie la veille de la fête de saint Jean-Baptiste. Chaque habitant apporte un bâton pour l'entretien du feu; des danses ont lieu pendant une partie de la nuit, et l'on n'oublie jamais d'emporter avec soi quelques charbons comme préservatifs de la foudre et de l'incendie (Voir notre _Essai sur le canton de Londinières_, page 242). Il nous semble voir là clairement un souvenir des feux qui signalaient, chez les anciens Slaves, la fête du dieu Koupalo (24 juin), et autour desquels dansaient hommes, femmes, enfants et vieillards (_Encyclopédie du_ XIXe _siècle_, vol. XXIV, p. 559). Koupalo était le dieu des productions de la terre. Avant la révolution de 1793, ces sortes de feux avaient lieu même à Paris: «La veille de Saint-Jean, les échevins faisaient élever, sur la place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville, un immense bûcher auquel le roi mettait solennellement le feu. En 1471, Louis XI, à l'exemple de ses prédécesseurs, communiqua lui-même la flamme à cet amas de matières combustibles dont l'incendie éclairait toute la ville. Les chroniques contemporaines nous ont conservé les détails de cette cérémonie.

«Au milieu de la place de Grève s'élevait un arbre de 90 pieds de hauteur, hérissé de traverses auxquelles on attachait 800 bourrées et 300 cotrets; 15 voies de bois et une immense quantité de bottes de paille en formaient la base. Le tout était surmonté d'un tonneau et

d'une roue. Des guirlandes de fleurs décoraient ce colossal appareil, dans lequel il faut voir l'idée première de nos feux d'artifice officiels. Des bouquets volumineux étaient distribués au roi, aux personnes de sa suite, aux magistrats et aux notables. Une compagnie d'archers de la ville, composée de 200 hommes d'armes, maintenaient l'ordre conjointement avec 100 arbalétriers et 100 arquebusiers. Avant de mettre le feu, on plaçait dans le bûcher les célèbres doubles pétards dits de la Saint-Jean, les grosses fusées et tous les produits pyrotechniques connus à cette époque; on suspendait ensuite à l'arbre un grand panier renfermant deux douzaines de chats et un renard.

«Les registres de comptabilité de l'Hôtel-de-Ville contiennent, au sujet de ce dernier article, la mention suivante:

A Lucas Pommereux, l'un des commissaires des quais de la ville, cent sous parisis pour avoir fourni, durant trois années, tous les chats qu'il fallait audit feu, comme de coutume; même pour avoir fourni, il y a un an, où le roi assista, un renard, pour donner plaisir à Sa Majesté, et pour avoir fourni un grand sac de toile où étaient lesdits chats.

«Lorsque le feu était apaisé, le roi montait à l'Hôtel-de-Ville, où l'attendait une somptueuse collation. La foule se précipitait sur les débris du bûcher et se disputait les tisons, dont la possession était un gage de bonheur et de réussite en toutes choses pendant une année entière.

«Louis XIV n'assista qu'une seule fois à cette cérémonie, et Louis XV refusa de s'y montrer. Le feu de la Saint-Jean ne fut plus alors considéré que comme une tradition populaire, et les vestiges en furent effacés par l'orage de la Révolution.» (_Journal de Rouen, 18 février 1852._)

SAINT-BENOIT.

Quand il pleut le jour de saint Benoît (11 juillet), on est convaincu que la pluie durera quarante jours. Il faut peut-être voir l'explication de cette croyance dans la légende du saint. Un jour, étant allé visiter sa soeur, sainte Scholastique, celle-ci voulut le retenir au moment de

partir; mais, comme il se refusait à rester, elle pria Dieu qui suscita _une si grande tempeste de tonnerre, d'esclairs et de pluie_, que saint Benoit ne put sortir de la maison (_Fleurs des vies des Saints_, par Ribadeneira, tome I, page 493, édit. in-4°).

SAINT-MARC.

S'il pleut le jour de saint Marc, c'est signe qu'il n'y aura point de merises. Voici ce qui a pu donner lieu à ce dicton: A cette époque, 25 avril, les merisiers sont en fleurs, et la pluie, si elle se prolongeait, pourrait les empêcher de nouer.

SAINTE-MONIQUE.

La pluie, le jour de sainte Monique, 4 mai, présage qu'il n'y aura point de pommes. C'est l'époque de la floraison des pommiers.

SAINT-PIERRE (_Feu de_).

On fait aussi des feux la veille de la fête de saint Pierre. Vers le coucher du soleil, le clergé de la paroisse se rend en procession au lieu où le bois a été disposé, le prêtre y met le feu et prononce une bénédiction; après quoi la procession retourne à l'église. Les habitants se partagent ensuite les tisons qu'ils conservent dans l'espoir d'être préservés des accidents de l'incendie (Voir notre _Essai sur le canton de Neufchâtel_, page 148). Nous trouvons encore, dans cet usage, une trace des feux nocturnes que les Romains allumaient pour célébrer certains anniversaires, tels que les Palilies, fête fort ancienne à laquelle Romulus rattacha la célébration annuelle de la mémoire de la fondation de Rome. Cette fête, instituée en l'honneur de la déesse Pales, se célébrait le 23 avril (_Encyclopédie théologique_, tome XXVIe, 3^{me} des Religions, page 1056).

SAINT-SAUVEUR (_Pèlerinage de_).

Les pèlerinages de saint Sauveur ont lieu le jour de la Trinité et

pendant l'octave, et se font à l'intention des animaux malades, surtout des chevaux. Assez souvent, on _touche_ un morceau de pain à la statue du Sauveur, et l'on réserve ce pain pour le donner aux bestiaux pendant leurs maladies. (Voir notre _Essai sur le canton de Blangy_, page 164 et suiv.)

TABLIER.

Si, en sortant de chez soi, la première personne qu'on rencontre est une femme _sans tablier_, on est persuadé qu'on éprouvera quelque désagrément dans la journée. Au reste, les femmes du pays de Bray sortent rarement sans cette partie de leur toilette.

TARTE (_La_).

Quand les moissonneurs finissant à couper le blé, ils se réunissent et crient à tue-tête: A la tarte! à la tarte! à la tarte! Cet usage vient de ce que, antérieurement, on avait l'habitude de manger des tartes à pareil jour. Aujourd'hui on se contente de vider quelques bouteilles à large panse, et la tarte se mange à la _parcie_ (Voyez ce mot dans le Dictionnaire).

TERRE-SAINTE.

Si l'on remue la terre sainte, c'est-à-dire si l'on creuse une tombe le dimanche, on prétend qu'il mourra une personne pendant la semaine.

TREIZE (_Le nombre_).

Le nombre 13 est généralement considéré comme néfaste. Par exemple, si treize enfants font leur première communion le même jour, on assure qu'il en mourra un dans la même année. Il est plus d'une personne qui ne voudrait pas être treizième à table. Mais, en tous cas, ce qui est le plus à redouter pour celui qui se trouve le treizième en cette circonstance, c'est, avons lu quelque part, lorsqu'il n'y a à diner que pour douze.

TRIGLYDOTE (_Le_).

C'est le petit oiseau qu'on appelle improprement _roitelet_; le peuple le nomme _petite poulette au bon Dieu_, et ne veut pas qu'on le tue. On prétend que chaque nichée se réunit dans le nid, la veille des Rois, avec les père et mère; aussi se garde-t-on bien de détruire ce petit nid, ordinairement placé au bas des couvertures en paille.

VACHERS (_Chanson des_).

Les petits vachers ont l'habitude de s'adresser de loin des espèces de dialogues, qu'ils chantent et terminent toujours par ces mots: _Lariala! lariala! lariala! lalonlariala!_ Il nous semble reconnaître dans ces paroles une invitation adressée aux autres gardeurs de vaches: _Là! ris il y a là!... Là! allons là! ris il y a là!_ En effet, ces paroles sont ordinairement le prélude d'une réunion dans laquelle on mange des poires et des pommes; après quoi on fait la partie de bilboquet, au milieu des _ris_ et joyeux discours.

VENDREDI.

On considère généralement le vendredi comme un jour néfaste, et beaucoup de personnes ne voudraient pas entreprendre un travail en ce jour. Serait-ce qu'on regarde ce jour comme malheureux, en mémoire de la mort de Jésus-Christ?

VENT (_Fiançailles et mariage du_).

On dit que le vent _se fiance_ le jour de saint Denis (9 octobre), et _se marie_ le jour de la Toussaint. On ajoute que, pendant l'hiver suivant, il souffle souvent du point où il se trouvait le jour de ses _fiançailles_ et de son _mariage_.



THE NATURE-STUDENT

from: The Project Gutenberg eBook, *The Lay of the Land*, by Dallas Lore Sharp

I

I HAD made a nice piece of dissection, a pretty demonstration—for a junior.

“You didn’t know a dog was put together so beautifully, did you?” said the professor, frankly enjoying the sight of the marvelous system of nerves laid bare by the knife. “Now, see here,” he went on, eyeing me keenly, “doesn’t a revelation like that take all the moonshine about the ‘beauties of nature’ clean out of you?”

I looked at the lifeless lump upon my table, and answered very deliberately: “No, it doesn’t. That’s a fearful piece of mechanism. I appreciate that. But what is any system of nerves or muscles—mere dead dog—compared with the love and affection of the dog alive?”

The professor was trying to make a biologist out of me. He had worked faithfully, but I had persisted in a very unscientific love for live dog. Not that I didn’t enjoy comparative anatomy, for I did. The problem of concrescence or differentiation in the cod’s egg also was intensely interesting to me. And so was the sight and the suggestion of the herring as they crowded up the run on their way to the spawning pond. The professor had lost patience. I don’t blame him.

“Well,” he said, turning abruptly, “you had better quit. You’ll be only a biological fifth wheel.”

I quit. Here on my table lies the scalpel. Since that day it has only sharpened lead pencils.

Now a somewhat extensive acquaintance with scientific folk leads me to believe that the attitude of my professor toward the out-of-doors

is not exceptional. The love for nature is all moonshine, all maudlin sentiment. Even those like my professor, who have to do with out-of-door life and conditions,—zoölogists, botanists, geologists,—look upon naturalists, and others who love birds and fields, as of a kind with those harmless but useless inanities who collect tobacco tags, postage stamps, and picture postal cards. Sentiment is not scientific.

I have a biological friend, a professor of zoölogy, who never saw a woodchuck in the flesh. He would not know a woodchuck with the fur on from a mongoose. Not until he had skinned it and set up the skeleton could he pronounce it *_Arctomys monax_* with certainty. Yes, he could tell by the teeth. Dentition is a great thing. He could tell a white pine (*_strobis_*) from a pitch pine (*_rigida_*) by just a cone and a bundle of needles,—one has five, the other three, to the bundle. But he wouldn't recognize a columned aisle of the one from a Jersey barren of the other. That is not the worst of it: he would not see even the aisle or the barren,—only trees.

As we jogged along recently, on a soft midwinter day that followed a day of freezing, my little three-year-old threw his nose into the air and cried: "Oh, fader, I smell de pitch pines, de scraggly pines,—'ou calls 'em Joisey pines!" And sure enough, around a double curve in the road we came upon a single clump of the scraggly pitch pines. Our drive had taken us through miles of the common white species.

Did you ever smell the pitch pines when they are thawing out? It is quite as healthful, if not as scientific, to recognize them by their resinous breath as by their needles per bundle.

I want this small boy some time to know the difference between these needle bundles. But I want him to learn now, and to remember always, that the hard days are sure to soften, and that then there oozes from the scraggly pitch pines a balm, a piny, penetrating, purifying balm,—a tonic to the lungs, a healing to the soul.

All foolishness? sentiment? moonshine?—this love for woods and fields, this need I have for companionship with birds and trees, this longing for the feel of grass and the smell of earth? When I told my biological friend that these longings were real and vital, as vital as the highest

problems of the stars and the deepest questions of life, he pitied me, but made no reply.

He sees clearly a difference between live and dead men, a difference between the pleasure he gets from the society of his friends, and the knowledge, interesting as it may be, which he obtains in a dissecting-room. But he sees no such difference between live and dead nature, nature in the fields and in the laboratory. Nature is all a biological problem to him, not a quick thing,—a shape, a million shapes, informed with spirit,—a voice of gladness, a mild and healing sympathy, a companionable soul.

“But there you go!” he exclaims, “talking poetry again. Why don’t you deal with facts? What do you mean by nature-study, love for the out-of-doors, anyway!”

I do not mean a sixteen weeks’ course in zoölogy, or botany, or in Wordsworth. I mean, rather, a gentle life course in getting acquainted with the toads and stars that sing together, for most of us, just within and above our own dooryards. It is a long life course in the deep and beautiful things of living nature,—the nature we know so well as a corpse. It is of necessity a somewhat unsystematized, incidental, vacation-time course,—the more’s the pity. The results do not often come as scientific discoveries. They are personal, rather; more after the manner of revelations,—data that the professors have little faith in. For the scientist cannot put an April dawn into a bottle, cannot cabin a Hockomock marsh, nor cage a December storm in a laboratory. And when, in such a place, did a scientist ever overturn a “wee bit heap o’ weeds an’ stibble”? Yet it is out of dawns and marshes and storms that the revelations come; yes, and out of mice nests, too, if you love all the out-of-doors, and chance to be ploughing late in the fall.

But there is the trouble with my professor. He never ploughs at all. How can he understand and believe? And isn’t this the trouble with many of our preacher poets, also? Some of them spend their summers in the garden; but the true poet—and the naturalist—must stay later, and they must plough, plough the very edge of winter, if they would turn up what Burns did that November day in the field at Mossgiel.

How amazingly fortunate were the conditions of Burns’s life! What if he

had been professor of English literature at Edinburgh University? He might have written a life of Milton in six volumes,—a monumental work, but how unimportant compared with the lines “To a Mouse”!

We are going to live real life and write real poetry again,—when all who want to live, who want to write, draw directly upon life’s first sources. To live simply, and out of the soil! To live by one’s own ploughing, and to write!

Instead, how do we live? How do I live? Nine months in the year by talking bravely about books that I have not written. Between times I live on the farm, hoe, and think, and write,—whenever the hoeing is done. And where is my poem to a mouse?

Its silly wa’s the win’s are strewin!

With a whole farm o’ foggage green, and all the year before me, I am not sure that I could build a single line of genuine poetry. But I am certain that, in living close to the fields, we are close to the source of true and great poetry, where each of us, at times, hears lines that Burns and Wordsworth left unmeasured,—lines that we at least may _live_ into song.

Now, I have done just what my biological friend knew I would do,—made over my course of nature-study into a pleasant but idle waiting for inspiration. I have frankly turned poet! No, not unless Gilbert White and Jefferies, Thoreau, Burroughs, Gibson, Torrey, and Rowland Robinson are poets. But they are poets. We all are,—even the biologist, with half a chance,—and in some form we are all waiting for inspiration. The nature-lover who lives with his fields and skies simply puts himself in the way of the most and gentlest of such inspirations.

He may be ploughing when the spirit comes, or wandering, a mere boy, along the silent shores of a lake, and hooting at the owls. You remember the boy along the waters of Winander, how he would hoot at the owls in the twilight, and they would call back to him across the echoing lake? And when there would come a pause of baffling silence,

Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise

Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain-torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery.

That is an inspiration, the kind of experience one has in living with the out-of-doors. It doesn't come from books, from laboratories, not even from an occasional tramp afield. It is out of companionship with nature that it comes; not often, perhaps, to any one, nor only to poets who write. I have had such experiences, such moments of quiet insight and uplift, while in the very narrowest of the paths of the woods.

It was in the latter end of December, upon a gloomy day that was heavy with the oppression of a coming storm. In the heart of the maple swamp all was still and cold and dead. Suddenly, as out of a tomb, I heard the small, thin cry of a tiny tree frog. And how small and thin it sounded in the vast silences of that winter swamp! And yet how clear and ringing! A thrill of life tingling out through the numb, nerveless body of the woods that has ever since made a dead day for me impossible.

That was an inspiration. I learned something, something deep and beautiful. Had I been Burns or Wordsworth I should have written a poem to Hyla. All prose as I am, I was, nevertheless, so quickened by that brave little voice as to write:—

The fields are bleak, the forests bare,
The swirling snowflakes fall
About the trees a winding-sheet,
Across the fields a pall.

A wide, dead waste, and leaden sky,
Wild winds, and dark and cold!
The river's tongue is frozen thick,
With life's sweet tale half told.

Dead! Ah, no! the white fields sleep,
The frozen rivers flow;
And summer's myriad seed-hearts beat
Within this breast of snow.

With spring's first green the holly glows
And flame of autumn late,—
The embers of the summer warm
In winter's roaring grate.

The thrush's song is silent now,
The rill no longer sings,
But loud and long the strong winds strike
Ten million singing strings.

O'er mountains high, o'er prairies far,
Hark! the wild pæan's roll!
The lyre is strung 'twixt ocean shores
And swept from pole to pole!

My meeting with that frog in the dead of winter was no trifling experience, nor one that the biologist ought to fail to understand. Had I been a poet, that meeting would have been of consequence to all the world; as I was, however, it meant something only to me,—a new point of view, an inspiration,—a beautiful poem that I cannot write.

This attitude of the nature-lover, because it is contemplative and poetical, is not therefore mystical or purely sentimental. Hooting at the owls and hearing things in baffling silences may not be scientific. Neither is it unscientific. The attitude of the boy beside the starlit lake is not that of Charlie, the man who helps me occasionally on the farm.

We were clearing up a bit of mucky meadow recently when we found a stone just above the surface that was too large for the horse to haul out. We decided to bury it.

Charlie took the shovel and mined away under the rock until he struck a layer of rather hard sandstone. He picked a while at this, then stopped a while; picked again, rather feebly, then stopped and began to think about it. It was hard work,—the thinking, I mean, harder than the picking,—but Charlie, however unscientific, is an honest workman, so he thought it through.

“Well,” he said finally, “t ain’t no use, nohow. You can’t keep it

down. You bury the darned thing, and it'll come right up. I suppose it grows. Of course it does. It must. Everything grows."

Now that is an unscientific attitude. But that is not the mind of the nature-lover, of the boy with the baffling silences along the starlit lake. He is sentimental, certainly, yet not ignorant, nor merely vapid. He does not always wander along the lake by night. He is a nature-student, as well as a nature-lover, and he does a great deal more than hoot at the owls. This, though, is as near as he comes to anything scientific, and so worth while, according to the professor.

II

And it is as near as he ought to come to reality and facts—according to the philosopher.

"We want only the facts of nature," says the scientist. "Nothing in nature is worth while," says the philosopher, "but mood, background, atmosphere."

"Nor can I recollect that my mind," says one of our philosophers, "in these walks, was much called away from contemplation by the petty curiosities of the herbalist or birdlorist, for I am not one zealously addicted to scrutinizing into the minuter secrets of nature. It never seemed to me that a flower was made sweeter by knowing the construction of its ovaries.... The wood thrush and the veery sing as melodiously to the uninformed as to the subtly curious. Indeed, I sometimes think a little ignorance is wholesome in our communion with nature."

So it is. Certainly if ignorance, a great deal of ignorance, were unwholesome, then nature-study would be a very unhealthy course, indeed. For, when the most curious of the herbalists and birdlorists (Mr. Burroughs, say) has made his last prying peep into the private life of a ten-acre woodlot, he will still be wholesomely ignorant of the ways of nature. Is the horizon just back of the brook that marks the terminus of our philosopher's path? Let him leap across, walk on, on, out of his woods to the grassy knoll in the next pasture, and there look! Lo! far yonder the horizon! beyond a vaster forest than he has known, behind a range of higher rolling hills, within a shroud of

wider, deeper mystery.

There isn't the slightest danger of walking off the earth; nor of unlearning our modicum of wholesome ignorance concerning the universe. The nature-lover may turn nature-student and have no fear of losing nature. The vision will not fade.

Let him go softly through the May twilight and wait at the edge of the swamp. A voice serene and pure, a hymn, a prayer, fills all the dusk with peace. Let him watch and see the singer, a brown-winged wood thrush, with full, spotted breast. Let him be glad that it is not a white-winged spirit, or a disembodied voice. And let him wonder the more that so plain a singer knows so divine a song.

Our philosopher mistakes his own dominant mood for the constant mood of nature. But nature has no constant mood. No more have we. Dawn and dusk are different moods. The roll of the prairie is unlike the temper of a winding cowpath in a New England pasture. Nature is not always sublime, awful, and mysterious; and no one but a philosopher is persistently contemplative. Indeed, at four o'clock on a June morning in some old apple orchard, even the philosopher would shout,—

“Hence, loathed melancholy!”

He is in no mind for meditation; and it is just possible, before the day is done, that the capture of a drifting seed of the dandelion and the study of its fairy wings might so add to the wonder, if not to the sweetness, of the flower, as to give him thought for a sermon.

There are times when the companionship of your library is enough; there are other times when you want a single book, a chapter, a particular poem. It is good at times just to know that you are turning with the earth under the blue of the sky; and just as good again to puzzle over the size of the spots in the breasts of our several thrushes. For I believe you can hear more in the song when you know it is the veery and not the wood thrush singing. Indeed, I am acquainted with persons who had lived neighbors to the veery since childhood, and never had heard its song until the bird was pointed out to them. Then they could not help but hear.

No amount of familiarity will breed contempt for your fields. Is the summer's longest, brightest day long enough and bright enough, to dispel the brooding mystery of the briefest of its nights? And tell me, what of the vastness and terror of the sea will the deep dredges ever bring to the surface, or all the circumnavigating drive to shore? The nature-lover is a man in a particular mood; the nature-student is the same man in another mood, as the fading shadows of the morning are the same that lengthen and deepen in the afternoon. There are times when he will go apart into the desert places to pray. Most of the time, however, he will live contentedly within sound of the dinner horn, glad of the companionship of his bluebirds, chipmunks, and pine trees.

This is best. And the question most frequently asked me is, How can I come by a real love for my pine trees, chipmunks, and bluebirds? How can I know real companionship with nature?

How did the boy along the starlit lake come by it,—a companionship so real and intimate that the very cliffs knew him, that the owls answered him, that even the silences spoke to him, and the imagery of his rocks and skies became a part of the inner world in which he dwelt? Simply by living along Winander and hallooing so often to the owls that they learned to halloo in reply. You may need to be born again before you can talk the language of the owls; but if there is in you any hankering for the soil, then all you need for companionship with nature is a Winander of your own, a range, a haunt, that you can visit, walk around, and get home from in a day's time. If this region can be the pastures, woodlots, and meadows that make your own door-yard, then that is good; especially if you buy the land and live on it, for then Nature knows that you are not making believe. She will accept you as she does the peas you plant, and she will cherish you as she does them. This farm, or haunt, or range, you will come to know intimately: its flowers, birds, walls, streams, trees,—its features large and small, as they appear in June, and as they look in July and in January.

For the first you will need the how-to-know books,—these while you are getting acquainted; but soon acquaintance grows into friendship. You are done naming things. The meanings of things now begin to come home to you. Nature is taking you slowly back to herself. Companionship has begun.

Many persons of the right mind never know this friendship, because they never realize the necessity of being friendly. They walk through a field as they walk through a crowded street; they go into the country as they go abroad. And the result is that all this talk of the herbalist and birdlorist, to quote the philosopher again, seems “little better than cant and self-deception.”

But let the philosopher cease philosophizing (he was also a hermit), and leave off hermiting; let him live at home with his wife and children, like the rest of us; let him work in the city for his living, hoe in his garden for his recreation; and then (I don't care by what prompting) let him study the lay of his neighbor fields, woods, and orchards until he knows every bird and beast, every tree-hole, earth-hole, even the times and places of the things that grow in the ground; let him do this through the seasons of the year,—for two or three years,—and he will know how to enjoy a woodchuck; he will understand many of the family affairs of his chipmunks; he will recognize and welcome back his bluebirds; he will love and often listen to the solemn talk of his pines.

All of this may be petty prying, not communion at all; it may be all moonshine and sentiment, not science. But it is not cant and self-deception,—in the hearts of thousands of simple, sufficient folk, who know a wood thrush when they hear him, and whose woodpaths are of their own wearing. And if it is not communion with nature, I know that it is at least real pleasure, and rest, peace, contentment, red blood, sound sleep, and, at times, it seems to me, something close akin to religion.



QUIMPER—PONT L'ABBÉ—AUDIERNE— DOUARNENEZ.

from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Breton Folk*, by Henry Blackburn

In the fruitful valley of the Odet and the Steir, where two rivers join in their southern course to the sea, there rise the beautiful spires of

Quimper, the present capital of Finistère; a town containing about 13,000 inhabitants, now the centre of the commerce and industry of southern Finistère, and, it may be added, the most pleasant resting-place on our travels. If we approach Quimper for the first time by road over the hills, we shall form the best idea of the beauty of its situation and of the picturesqueness of its buildings. The first impression of the traveller who arrives by train, and is hurried in an omnibus along the straight quays lined with trees, to the Hôtel de l'Épée, on the right bank of the river Odet, is one of slight disappointment at the modern aspect of the town; but let him glance for one moment from above out of one of the back windows of the inn (opened for him by the bright-faced maiden sketched on page 104), and the view of old roofs and cathedral towers will reassure his mind that neither in architecture nor in costume is this city likely to be wanting in interest. Quimper, the ancient capital of Cornouaille, with its warlike and romantic history of the middle ages, the centre of historic associations in the times of the War of the Succession, preserves many landmarks and monuments that will interest the traveller and the antiquarian. The fine Gothic cathedral has a richly sculptured porch with foliated carving of the fourteenth century, such as we saw at Le Folgoët. Above and between the two towers is an equestrian statue of the somewhat mythical King Gradlon, who held a court at Kemper in the fifth century, whose prowess is recorded in the early chronicles of Brittany, and in the romances of the Round Table. The episode of his hunting in the neighbouring forests, being miraculously fed by one Corentin, a hermit, and finally converted to Christianity, is recorded continually in song and story; and from this incident (related by Souvestre and sung by Brizeux) dates the foundation of the ancient bishopric of St. Corentin. The statue, like nearly every monument in Brittany, was partly destroyed during the Revolution in 1793.

In spite of railways, telegraphs, and newspapers, and the bustle of commerce that fills the streets and market of Quimper, some of the inhabitants of the neighbouring valleys find time, on St. Cecilia's Day, to perform a pilgrimage to the cathedral and to sing songs in honour of St. Corentin. Thus we see how lovingly conservative Brittany clings to its monuments and legends, and how its people still dwell in the past. The story of King Gradlon may be a myth, but, like all legends and traditions, it has its origin in fact; and we who are not historians may be fascinated with the thought that the battered horseman, the object of

so much interest to pilgrims in the past and to tourists in the present, is a link in a chain of facts, pointing backwards to a far-off time when, a little westward of the site of the present city of Quimper, on a promontory near Pont Croix, stood the ancient Celtic city of Is, remains of which are to be found to this day upon the shore.

The cathedral of Quimper was founded in the thirteenth century, but was principally built in the fourteenth and fifteenth. It has no very remarkable architectural features, but there is a grandeur in the lofty aspect of the interior, lighted by some fine stained glass, which leaves an impression of beauty on the mind. It is the centre and rallying-point for all the country round, the home of Catholicism, the “one church” to the inhabitants of Finistère. No picture of the wide Place by the river, where the great gatherings take place on fête-days, and where so many curious costumes are to be seen together, is complete without the two modern spires of the cathedral rearing high above the town. The procession of people passing up the wide street on a Sunday morning leading to its doors—a dense mass of figures, fringed with white caps, like foam on a heaving sea, the figures framed by projecting gables nearly meeting overhead—forms another picture which has also for its background the two noble spires.[7] The old houses in the market-place in the cathedral square, and the old inn, the Hôtel du Lion d’Or (this last well worthy of a sketch), are overshadowed by the pile. The people that come in by the old-fashioned diligences and the country carts and waggons go straight to the cathedral on arrival in the square.

The interior of the cathedral, which is the largest in Brittany, is very striking; there is a handsome chapel dedicated to Ste. Anne, the patron saint of Brittany, to St. Roch, and other saints. There is high-mass at half past ten, and a sermon by an ancient ecclesiastic preached from the handsome carved pulpit in the nave. It is an eloquent discourse, apparently, for along the aisles and between the pillars familiar-sounding phrases are poured fluent and fast. But the dense crowd of men and women with upturned faces on the pavement near the door can hear little of what is passing; the words take an upward curve of sound, and are heard more distinctly by the spiders and the flies. The loss may not have been great if we take the testimony of a writer[8] in 1877, who says:—“I attended mass one morning at Quimper, and the following is the substance of a sermon preached to a large and attentive congregation mostly of working men and women: ‘There are three duties,’

said the preacher, ‘imposed by the church on the faithful: first, to confess at least once a year; secondly, to confess in one’s own parish; thirdly, to confess within the fifteen days of Easter.’ The omission of the first of these is regarded by the church as a sin of such gravity that it is condemned to be punished by the withholding of Christian burial. Not one word, throughout a long discourse to simple, devout, careworn peasant folk, of moral teaching, religious counsel, or brotherly love!”

In some of the chapels there are services during the day, and there is a continual movement of white caps in and out of the confessionals; and, occasionally during the day, some poor, weather-worn man is doing penance, going round and round the cathedral on his knees, making a curious slouching sound on the pavement. He is dressed in rags, and carries his

sabots

under his arm during his long journey; thus, several times round the pavement, dragging his weary limbs and—according to the enormity of his sins—paying his sous as he goes.

The character of the people of this part of Cornouaille seems less reserved, and there is a gay, genial aspect about them which is refreshing when coming from the north. The bright face and figure of the girl whose portrait Mr. Caldecott has caught exactly is one of a flutter of five, who wait at table at the Hôtel de l’Épée in the costume of the country, which, by the way, is worn here for the especial benefit of travellers. It is probable that every one of these bright-faced women would discard it to-morrow if they had the chance (as their mistress and her children have done); but there is still plenty of local costume to be seen in Quimper. We have only to go out into the gardens, to visit the farms, by-roads, and lanes, and we shall come upon some of the most picturesque scenes in our travels.

In the corner of a field just outside the town, where a lively discussion is going forward between a farm labourer and three girls at a well, there is a picture which for colour alone is worth remembering. It is one of those everyday scenes in which costume and the surrounding landscape harmonise delightfully. We give few sketches of architecture because photographs of the best examples may always be obtained, preferring rather to give the life of the people. There are more figure

subjects in the streets of Quimper than there is time to note. Thus, for instance, as we pass through a poor, dirty suburb at the lower end of the town, a woman comes to the door of a dark dwelling, and gives alms to a professional beggar, so grotesque and terrible in aspect that he hardly seems human; but the woman standing at the stone doorway wears a costume that might have been copied from an Elizabethan missal. She gives, as every one gives, to the poor in Brittany, but her husband's small wages at the pottery works hard by leave little margin for charity, and he will want all his spare money at this time of year for the fêtes. The fêtes are an occasion for universal feasting and rejoicing, in which the drinking propensities of the holiday makers are only too apparent in the streets, leading in the evening, sometimes, to domestic interviews like the one sketched below.

At the time of the Fête of the Assumption there is a crowd at Quimper from all parts of Finistère, and there is an amount of festivity which must be bewildering to the quiet inhabitants; it is then that we may see sometimes in the streets the splendid type of Breton woman sketched at the head of this chapter, and, by contrast, some others much more grotesque.

But perhaps the most interesting group of all, and the most complete and characteristic of Mr. Caldecott's sketches, is the one which forms the frontispiece to this volume—a scene in a _cabaret_, or wineshop, where the farmers who have come in to market, whose carts we may see on the cathedral square, meet and discuss the topics of the day, amongst which, after the state of trade and the crops, the term of Marshal McMahon's government and the results of the annual levy of "les conscrits" are uppermost. Soon after harvest-time, generally early in September, the annual levy of reserves for the army takes place, and Quimper, being the centre of a populous district, is the rallying-point for lower Finistère.

It is the nearest approach to an open political discussion that we may witness on our travels, and a good opportunity to see the conservative Breton farmer, the "owner of the soil," one who troubles himself little about "politics" in the true sense of the word, and is scarcely a match in argument for the more advanced republican trader and manufacturer of Quimper, but who, from hereditary instinct, if from no other motive, is generally an upholder of legitimist doctrines and a royalist at heart.

Seated on the carved oak bench on the left is a young Breton clodhopper or farm help, whose ill-luck it has been to be drawn this year; who leaves his farm with regret—a home where he worked from sunrise to sunset for two francs a week, living on coarse food and lodging in the dark with the pigs. As he sits and listens with perplexed attention to the principal speaker, and others gather round in the common room to hear the oracle, we have a picture which tells its story with singular eloquence, and presents to us the common everyday life of the people of lower Brittany with a truthfulness and vivacity seldom, if ever, exceeded. The only bright colour in the picture is in the red sashes of the men and in one or two small ornaments worn by the women.

Other scenes should be recorded if only to show, by way of contrast, that Quimper is very like other parts of France. At one of the *lycées* the annual prize-giving is going forward, and there is a fashionable gathering, in which military uniforms are prominent. It is an opportunity for seeing some of the *élite* of Quimper both on the platform and in the crowded hall, and a great chance for a sketch. The boys come up one by one, and stand on a raised platform to be decorated with a paper wreath, to receive a book and a salutation on both cheeks. It is interesting to note that, before joining his applauding friends in the hall, the boy takes off his wreath and throws it away. There is scarcely a Breton costume in the hall.

In Quimper we are in a pleasant valley, surrounded by gardens, orchards, and fields, and sheltered from the wind by clustering woods. The sun shines so warmly here that it is difficult to realise that a few miles to the west and south there are stretches of broad moorland leading to the boldest coast on the west of France. It is true that the people that come in from Pont l'Abbé, Audierne, and Douarnenez bear the impress of a seafaring life, and are different in style and costume to any that we have yet seen.

It is worth while for every one who stays in Quimper to see something of the coast, and to make a tour of at least two or three days to Pont l'Abbé, Penmarc'h, Pont Croix, the Pointe du Raz, and Douarnenez. In this short journey the traveller will see some of the finest coast scenery in Brittany, and people differing in character and costume from other parts of Finistère; a hardy fishing population, tempted to dangers

and hardships by the riches to be found in the sea.

If the scenery which we have passed through on our way to Quimper resembled Wales, the district west of Quimper will remind us of Cornwall. We are, in fact, on the extreme edge of Brittany, corresponding to the Cornwall of England, _Cornouaille_, the _Cornn Galliaë_ of the ancients, a dangerous, storm-blown coast, wild, desolate, and picturesque. We may go down the river from Quimper to Pont l'Abbé, or a shorter route by road a distance of twelve miles, the first part over hills and through cultivated lands, in the latter part over wide moorland, covered with gorse and edged with pines. This is a beautiful drive, but, to judge of the quiet, almost mediæval stillness of Pont l'Abbé, it should be approached by water on a summer's evening, when, after a long and sometimes rather boisterous passage from the mouth of the river Odet, the little fishing-boat is rowed up the Pont l'Abbé river under the tower of its ancient castle. On the left, before entering the river, the little port of Loctudy is passed, where there is an ancient Romanesque church, well preserved, said to have been built by the Knights Templars in the twelfth century.

Pont l'Abbé with its dull, straight streets and deserted-looking houses, has no striking architectural features; but the costumes of the people are altogether unique in Brittany, and the interiors of their dwellings are as quaint and curious as any painter would desire. The women wear close-fitting caps of red or green, embroidered with gold thread, the hair being turned up at the back and fastened at the top; they wear skirts of blue or green with a border of yellow, and the men, short blue jackets and sashes.

In Pont l'Abbé we may see, what is so rare in these days, an old street in which the costume of the people harmonises with the date of the buildings, and in which the quiet of a past century seems never to have been disturbed. Walk down a narrow grass-grown street to the open square above the river, at the end of which is the western porch of the fine church of Pont l'Abbé, and the only two figures visible in the afternoon are a girl carrying a basket coming from the Carmelite convent, and a priest in black robes crossing the square. The church and convent were founded in 1383, and there is little here to mark the passage of years. The church has been completed and beautified since those early times, and afterwards wrecked by the Revolution; but the aspect of the square

and of the cloisters of the convent are little altered. The interior of the church is remarkable for the grace and lightness of its pillars, and for the richness of its stained glass; the rose windows are said to rival in beauty those of Rouen. Notwithstanding that the church has but one aisle, that the ceiling is now painted blue, and that the carvings in stone and wood are sadly mutilated, it is an architectural monument of great interest.

Six miles south-west of Pont l'Abbé, across a dreary, marshy plain is the poor fishing town of Penmarc'h, built upon the dark rocks that form a barrier against the sea, on one of the wildest promontories of Cornouaille; a city whose riches in the fifteenth century were so great that, according to historians, "she could equip her three thousand men-at-arms, and shelter behind her jetties a fleet of eight hundred craft." The original prosperity of Penmarc'h arose from the cod-fisheries, which were the source of immense wealth before the discovery of Newfoundland. The history of its invasion by the English in 1404, and the disasters in the sixteenth century, when the town was partly destroyed by an inroad of the sea, and afterwards sacked by Guy Eder Fontenelle at the time of the Wars of the League, is one of the most romantic and terrible in the history of Brittany. It is a place to see if only to mark the traces of this wonderful city, once containing 10,000 inhabitants. A few ruined towers and the foundations of streets mark the site of the ancient city, which is now inhabited by a scattered fishing population numbering in all about 2000, the men braving the elements in their little fishing-boats, the women and children collecting seaweed and tilling the poor soil. There is a mass of rocks separated from the land, called the Torche de Penmarc'h, which all visitors are taken to see, and where the waves break upon the shore with the sound of thunder.

We have said little of the ruins of the church of St. Guénolé and of the parish church of Ste. Nonna at Penmarc'h, with its stained glass and quaint stone carving, or of other relics of the ancient city, because in nearly every town in Cornouaille there is some object of interest to examine. Antiquarian travellers should stay at the Hôtel des Voyageurs at Pont l'Abbé, where they will be very comfortably housed, and can explore this district, interesting not only for the historic associations connected with Penmarc'h, but for Druidical remains which the winds of the Atlantic are laying bare every year on this coast. It

is a dreary, wind-swept promontory, from which the quiet superstitious inhabitants are only too glad to retreat. No wonder they flock into Quimper, and sun themselves on the _Place_ during the summer days!

On the road between Pont l'Abbé and Audierne we obtain fine views of the open landscape, with solitary figures here and there working in the fields, and occasional glimpses of the sea. It is a windy drive; the colour is sombre, and the clouds which come up in heavy masses from the sea cast deep shadows over the land.

If we try to recall the impression of the scene, it is principally of clouds, as in landscapes by Ruysdael or Géricault. The land for miles is without sign of habitation, the highest point of interest is a bank of furze, a stunted tree, or a heap of broken stones, chipped perhaps from a fallen menhir; a solitude that seems more hopeless and remote from the tumultuous aspect of the heavens.

But as we approach the town of Pont Croix, and, turning westward, descend the hills to cross the estuary of Audierne, the view over the bay is more luxuriant. Below us, through the stems of pine trees that line the steep road, cut in granite rocks—as we descend to the right bank of the river Goayen where it widens into an estuary—is the little fishing village of Audierne, consisting of two or three straight streets of granite houses, one or two large wharves and warehouses, a lighthouse, and nearly a mile of protecting sea-wall. The evening is now fine and calm, and the tide is coming in without a ripple, bringing a few fishing-boats up to the quay, and attracting the inhabitants on to the _Place_ in front of the principal inn, the Hôtel du Commerce, where the portly Père Batifoulrier receives us, and provides us with excellent accommodation. It is a sheltered, sunny spot, surrounded by cultivated hills, where people come from Quimper to bathe in summer; but if we walk upon the downs behind the town, we shall get glimpses of a coast almost as exposed and dangerous to mariners as at Penmarc'h, where the sardine fishermen are spreading their nets on the grass.

Audierne is within six miles of the famous Pointe du Raz, the Land's End of Brittany, beyond which, stretching out into the Atlantic, is the Île de Sein, inhabited by a poor population of fishermen and seaweed gatherers. A glance at the map will show the position of the island, and the “Bec du Raz,” the dangerous channel which divides it from the shore,

through which the fishermen of Audierne and Douarnenez, with many prayers and crossings of the breast, pass and re-pass in their frail boats.

It is a dreary road from Audierne to the Pointe du Raz, passing the villages of Plogoff and Lescoff. At this point the rocks are higher above the sea than at Penmarc'h, and the scene is altogether more extensive and magnificent. We are on an elevation of eighty or ninety feet, and almost surrounded by the sea. To the south and east is the wide bay of Audierne, to the west the Île de Sein, the ancient home of Druidesses, and the horizon line of the Atlantic; to the north and east the bay of Douarnenez, across which is the jutting headland of La Chèvre.

A cloud of sea-birds rises from the rocks below, and floats away like a puff of steam, there is an orange tint in the seaweed piled upon the shore, and a purple tinge upon the distant hills across the bay of Douarnenez; but the green upon the scanty grass in the foreground is cold in colour, and almost the only flowers are yellow sea-poppies and the little white bells of the convolvulus. On every side are piles of rocks stretching out seaward as barriers against the waves of the Atlantic; a dangerous, desolate shore, on which many a vessel has been wrecked. To the north is the Druids' "Baie des Trépassés," where, according to ancient legends, the spirits of the departed wait on the shore to be taken in boats to the Île de Sein. It is a Celtic legend, recounted in every history of Brittany.

The exposed position of the Pointe du Raz, the strange, fantastic grandeur of the rocks, and the wildness of the waves that beat upon the shore in almost all weathers, are alone worth a visit. The numerous artists who stay at Quimper, Douarnenez, and Pont-Aven, in the summer months would do well to pitch their tents for a time near the Pointe du Raz, if only to watch from this elevation the changing aspects of sea and sky, to see the sea, calm and blue in the distance, but dashing spray in sunshine over walls of rock, and seaweed gatherers on a summer evening getting in their harvest, as deep in colour as the corn.

Leaving Audierne, and turning eastward towards Douarnenez, following the course of the river Goayen, we come in about an hour to Pont Croix, an ancient town of 2500 inhabitants. The church is a fine Romanesque

building of the fifteenth century, with a curious porch and some good carving in the interior. It is a quiet, rather deserted-looking town, on an eminence above the river, reminding one in its position and its air of faded importance of the ecclesiastical city of Coutances, in Normandy.

It is a fine drive over undulating hills to Douarnenez, with views of landscape more fertile than any we have seen since leaving Quimper; landscape with open moorland, interspersed with fields of corn, where harvesting is being actively carried on, as in the sketch. Here we get a glimpse of one of the old farmhouses of Finistère, and (on a very small scale) of the farmer himself approaching in the distance to superintend operations.

A few miles farther, and the landscape is again bare and uncultivated, we see peasants in the fields at rare intervals; flocks of black and brown sheep feeding on the open land. There is a charm of wildness and a peculiar beauty about the scenery here that we who write for artists should insist upon with all the power of the pen. It is the fashion to stay at Douarnenez and at Pont-Aven, but we have few records of the best scenery in Cornouaille.

Douarnenez, the headquarters of the sardine-fisheries, has a population of about 9000, almost entirely given up to this industry; the men in their boats, and the women and girls in the factories. It is a busy, dirty, and not very attractive town, with one principal street leading down to the port; but walk out of it in any direction, so as to escape the odours of the sardine factories, and the views from the high ground are most rewarding.

There is no prettier sight, for instance, than to watch the arrival of a fleet of several hundred fishing-boats rounding the last promontory, racing in whilst they are eagerly watched from the shore. At the point where the sketch was taken, the little fleet divides, to come to anchor at different inlets of the bay. Of the scene down at the port, where the boats unload; of the massing of a forest of masts against the evening sky, with rocks and houses high above as a background, we can only hint in these pages.

At Douarnenez, in summer, the inhabitants are accustomed to an inroad of

visitors who come for the bathing season, and there is a little colony of artists who live comfortably at the principal inns (en pension for five or six francs a day), but it is not as quiet as Pont-Aven, of which we shall speak in the next chapter, for the streets are closely built and badly paved, and the busy inhabitants wear sabots which are rattled down to the shore at all hours of the day and night, according to the tide. Moreover, the inhabitants of the town are scarcely typical Bretons; they are a little demoralised by success in trade, a little inclined to smuggling, and decidedly fond of drinking. The men, living hard lives, facing the most fearful storms of the Atlantic in their exposed little boats, out sometimes for days without a take, are apt to be uproarious when on shore. The hardy, bright-featured women of Cornouaille, whose faces are becoming so familiar to us in these pages, have a rather sad and reckless look at Douarnenez; their homes are not too tidy as a rule; the little children play in streets which steam with refuse from the sardine factories, where their elder sisters are working in gangs, with bare feet and skirts tucked up to their knees, sifting, and sorting, and cooking sardines, and singing snatches of Breton songs the while. The lower streets, steep and narrow, are blocked with fish-carts, and the port is crowded with boats with nets drying in festoons. But the view of Douarnenez seen at a little distance out at sea, with its high rocks and overhanging trees almost reaching to the water's edge, and above, the spire of the old church of Ploaré standing sharp against the sky, will remain best in the memory. There is no end to the beauties of the bay of Douarnenez, if we explore the neighbourhood, starting off early for the day and not returning until sundown.

In the evening there is a great Bohemian gathering at the Hôtel du Commerce; its artistic visitors overflow into the street, and make themselves heard as well as seen. There is a clatter of tongues and a cloud of smoke issuing from the little café presided over by the neat figure in the sketch. Those who have been to the Hôtel du Commerce at Douarnenez will recognise the portrait at once; those who have not must picture to themselves a girl with dark hair and brown complexion, a headdress and bodice in which scarlet and gold are intermingled, a dark skirt with a border of yellow or orange, and a spotless white apron and sleeves. In soft shoes she flits silently through the rooms and supplies our clamorous wants in turn; neither remonstrance nor flattery will move her, or cause her to raise her eyes.

The children of Douarnenez have learned to beg, and along the broad road which leads to Quimper, beggars are stationed at intervals to waylay the charitable. Driving home in the little covered carriage shown in the sketch, a dark object appears before us on the way. Near it, at the side of the road, is a little shed roughly made with poles and brambles, and, protruding from it, two sabots filled with straw, two sticks, and a pair of _bragous bras_. The rest of the structure consists of dried ferns, and a poor deaf human creature propped up to receive the alms of the charitable, a grim figure watching and waiting in the sun and wind.

Footnote 7:

We believe it was to M. Viollet Le Duc, whose architectural taste and energy are so well known in France, that the completion of these towers is principally due.

Footnote 8:

A Year in Western France, by M. Betham-Edwards.



THE BAD MANNERS OF POLITE PEOPLE

from: Project Gutenberg's *Penguin Persons & Peppermints*, by Walter Prichard Eaton

All my life I have suffered from politeness--not my own, but the politeness of other people. So far as I know, nobody has ever accused me of being polite. I suspect that I must be, however, for hitherto I have borne the politeness of other people without a protest. But I must protest now, if only to vindicate my lack of politeness; in other words, to prove my good manners.

For what I object to in polite people is their bad manners. It is this I have suffered from, as, I suspect, have many thousands of my fellows, to whom life is real and earnest, and gabble not its goal. As

a rule, the politer the person the worse are his (or more often, perhaps, her) manners. The limit is reached when the amateur is sunk entirely in the professional, and that curious product of "Society" is developed, the professional hostess. I cannot better illustrate my theme than with a description of the professional hostess.

I call her professional because all the joy of entertaining for its own sake has gone out of her work. She does not invite people to her parties because she is glad to see them, because she is interested in them, or wishes to give them pleasure. She invites them because to entertain them is a part of her day's work--whether her work be to get into a certain social stronghold, to keep that stronghold against assault, or merely to kill time, her arch-enemy. And, in performing this task of hers, she has developed a technique of politeness which is to the amateur's technique what the professional golf-player's style is to the form of the mere bumblepuppy. Her politeness is astonishingly brilliant, flexible, resourceful. It is aspired to by the lowly and aped on the stage. And yet her manners are the worst in the world.

Let us suppose her about to give a dinner. She is trimmed down to the fashionable slenderness (perhaps), and brilliant with jewels. Cannel coal snaps pleasantly in the drawing-room grate, and the lights are gratefully shaded. A guest or two arrive, whom she greets with affable handshake. The man moves over to the fire, warming his back; his wife talks to the hostess rapidly, in the way women have when they seem to think it better to say anything than not to speak at all. But the hostess is quite at her ease. Her politeness is triumphant. Presently she turns to the man, who is, perhaps, an author.

"Your new book," she begins, as if she had been waiting all day to ask that question, "--what is it going to be about? I'm tremendously eager to know."

Already the genial fire has warmed the noted author after his chilling ride in a street car to this mansion of luxury. The kindly question positively expands him. He launches eagerly into his answer.

"You see," he begins, "the great modern question is--"

But suddenly he is aware that he has no listener. His hostess has gone toward the door with outstretched hand, and his own wife is gazing at the gowns of the women entering. The author turns and prods the grate with his toe. Perhaps, if he is new at being "entertained," he fancies that his hostess will presently return to hear his answer. He holds it in readiness. Poor man!

The newcomers are brought into the circle. When introductions are necessary, they are made with studied informality. And then the author hears the hostess say to a big, energetic woman, who is among the arrivals, "Oh, dear Miss Jones, I have heard so much about your perfectly splendid work down there among the horrid poor! I did _so_ want to hear you talk about it at the Colonial Club, this afternoon, but I simply _couldn't_ get there. Won't you tell me just a bit of what you said?"

The tone of entreaty betrays the utmost interest. The big, energetic woman smiles, and begins, "Well," she says, "I was just trying to get the members interested in our new health-tenement for consumptives. You see, we need--"

Then she, too, becomes aware that her audience has departed toward the door. She turns about to see if anybody else was listening, but nobody was. The other women are engaged in inspecting the newcomers. The men are looking uncomfortable, or chatting with one another. Only the author's sympathetic gaze meets hers.

The guests have all gathered by now, but dinner is not yet announced. The hostess moves easily among them, stopping by each with a winning smile, to ask some carefully chosen personal question. Each as politely replies, only to find himself talking to the empty air.

There is soon a confused babble of voices, a whirl of windy words--and no one hears.

The author watches her, still curious to know whether she will remember that she has not yet heard his answer. But she has quite forgotten. She moves, the incarnate spirit of politeness, about the room, rousing trains of eager ideas in her guests, and as speedily leaving them to run down a side-track into a bumper.

She has no real interest in any of them, probably she has no real understanding of them. She thinks her manners are above reproach, that she is treating her guests in the most exemplary fashion. In reality, nothing could be worse than her manners, and she is treating her guests most shabbily. By being polite, she ends by being rude. For nothing is so rude in this world as to ask a man a question about some subject close to his heart when you have no intention of listening to his answer, nor any interest in it. The hostess thinks to feed his vanity; she ends by wounding it. She thinks to make her guests comfortable; she ends by making them uncomfortable.

The best manners I have ever seen were possessed by the most impolite man I have ever known. As a result, nobody that he ever invited to his house felt uncomfortable there. He was interested in all kinds and conditions of people, all kinds and conditions of activities. If he asked you a question, it was because he wanted to hear your answer. He paid you the compliment of assuming that it was worth listening to, and other people waited till you were through. At his table you weren't supposed to confine your talk to the sweet young thing on your left, who was more interested in the gay young blade on _her_ left, nor to the sedate, elderly female person on your right, who was more interested in the bishop on _her_ right. Talk was largely for the whole table; and if you hadn't some definite contribution to make, you were usually glad to keep still.

I say nobody ever felt uncomfortable in his house. That is not quite true. Occasionally the person who expressed an opinion on a subject he knew nothing about must have felt uncomfortable. For, though he was listened to gravely while speaking, conversation was at once resumed as if nothing whatever had been said.

Nothing could have been more conventionally impolite. And yet the act was so utterly free from sham that it seemed the only decorous and decent thing to do. Thus was the dignity of conversation maintained; thus was each man and woman made to feel his or her worth along personal lines of endeavor; thus was a true democratic spirit preserved, which is the real essence of good manners. True democracy consists in bringing each man out, not in reducing him to a common level of inanity. Good manners consist in showing him respect for what

is worthy of respect in him, treating him as a rational human being, not as a mere social unit who deposits his hard-won opinions, along with his hat and stick, in the care of the butler when he enters the house.

That is why men have, as a rule, better manners than women, though they are far less polite. A man respects the judgment of a specialist on any given subject, and he is rather intolerant of the snap judgments of the dabbler or the dilettante. He listens, if forced to, with unconcealed impatience to the babbling of his pretty neighbor at table about art, perhaps, or engineering, or some other topic concerning which her ignorance is as profound as her cocksureness is lofty. But, after all, to be polite to her is to insult a whole race of engineers or artists! Put one of them beside him, and see how readily he will listen.

Politeness too often consists of shamming. Good manners are the absence of sham. It is not the gentleman's place, certainly, to insult the lady. Good manners seldom go quite so far as that. But even politeness cannot expect him to endure the torture for more than a limited time, especially if the topic chosen chances to be his own specialty. It is his place to lead the conversation, as gently as possible, back upon more neutral ground, where he may find what consolation he can in sprightly personalities--while praying for the coffee.

I enjoy the privilege of acquaintance with a very charming person, who has never paid a compliment to her sex except by being a woman. Some of her sex say that she is a delightful hostess and very beautiful. Others say that she is atrociously rude, and they "can't see what it is people admire in her." Most men adore her. She herself says that the only people she cares to entertain are those who have earned their own living. Her reasons are, I believe, interesting and significant.

She earns her own living, I may state, and a very considerable one, for she is famous and highly successful in her branch of artistic endeavor. Socially, one may say of her, in that atrocious phrase which implies a queer jumble of values, that she is "very much in demand." But, though a man in livery opens her front door, the street-cars bring quite as many guests to her house as do expensively purring

motor-cars.

"For," as she puts it, "I can stand the talk of the average woman in 'Society' just about fifteen minutes, and then I have to scream. I don't know how the fiction arose that American women of the leisure classes are so superior mentally to the women of other nations. The fact is, they are not. The fact is, that they are so superficial that a person who has really done something--I don't mean who has played at it, but who has really under the spur of necessity got to the bottom of some one subject--can hardly endure their conversation. They chatter, chatter, chatter, about everything under heaven, and if you happen to know anything about any of the subjects, it is simply torture to listen.

"Life is too short, and too interesting, and the world too full of real people, to bother with the folks who don't know their business. The man or woman who has had to be self-supporting has got to the bottom of some branch of activity, however small, and learned humility. To learn that mastery of even a tiny subject requires effort and concentration and skill, is to learn respect for other subjects; and it is to learn, too, how to listen.

"Nobody can listen who isn't truly interested, and who hasn't the grasp of mind to appreciate the complexities of a craft not his own, who doesn't know enough to know when he doesn't know anything. If I'm going to talk my shop, I want to talk it with folks who've been in it. If I'm going to hear some other shop discussed, it must be by someone who is familiar with that, not by directoire dabbles who, you feel after three minutes have elapsed, don't know a thing about the subject. If politeness consists in letting them suppose that I take any stock in what they say, then I plead guilty to being a boor."

Probably no one who has experienced the awful ordeal of listening to some female chatter about his chosen subject, or who has undergone the even worse ordeal of dropping great thoughts of his own into the deep, deep pools of her incomprehension, will fail of sympathy with my friend.

"But I tire you," said an incessant gabbler one day to the great Duc de Broglie.

"No, no," replied the duke; "I wasn't listening."



THE SAHARA OF THE BOZART

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Prejudices, Second Series*, by H. L. Mencken

*Alas, for the South! Her books have grown fewer--
She never was much given to literature.*

In the lamented J. Gordon Coogler, author of these elegaic lines, there was the insight of a true poet. He was the last bard of Dixie, at least in the legitimate line. Down there a poet is now almost as rare as an oboe-player, a dry-point etcher or a metaphysician. It is, indeed, amazing to contemplate so vast a vacuity. One thinks of the interstellar spaces, of the colossal reaches of the now mythical ether. Nearly the whole of Europe could be lost in that stupendous region of fat farms, shoddy cities and paralyzed cerebrums: one could throw in France, Germany and Italy, and still have room for the British Isles. And yet, for all its size and all its wealth and all the "progress" it babbles of, it is almost as sterile, artistically, intellectually, culturally, as the Sahara Desert. There are single acres in Europe that house more first-rate men than all the states south of the Potomac; there are probably single square miles in America. If the whole of the late Confederacy were to be engulfed by a tidal wave to-morrow, the effect upon the civilized minority of men in the world would be but little greater than that of a flood on the Yang-tse-kiang. It would be impossible in all history to match so complete a drying-up of a civilization.

I say a civilization because that is what, in the old days, the South had, despite the Baptist and Methodist barbarism that reigns down there now. More, it was a civilization of manifold excellences--perhaps

the best that the Western Hemisphere has ever seen--undoubtedly the best that These States have ever seen. Down to the middle of the last century, and even beyond, the main hatchery of ideas on this side of the water was across the Potomac bridges. The New England shopkeepers and theologians never really developed a civilization; all they ever developed was a government. They were, at their best, tawdry and tacky fellows, oafish in manner and devoid of imagination; one searches the books in vain for mention of a salient Yankee gentleman; as well look for a Welsh gentleman. But in the south there were men of delicate fancy, urbane instinct and aristocratic manner--in brief, superior men--in brief, gentry. To politics, their chief diversion, they brought active and original minds. It was there that nearly all the political theories we still cherish and suffer under came to birth. It was there that the crude dogmatism of New England was refined and humanized. It was there, above all, that some attention was given to the art of living--that life got beyond and above the state of a mere infliction and became an exhilarating experience. A certain noble spaciousness was in the ancient southern scheme of things. The _Ur-_Confederate had leisure. He liked to toy with ideas. He was hospitable and tolerant. He had the vague thing that we call culture.

But consider the condition of his late empire to-day. The picture gives one the creeps. It is as if the Civil War stamped out every last bearer of the torch, and left only a mob of peasants on the field. One thinks of Asia Minor, resigned to Armenians, Greeks and wild swine, of Poland abandoned to the Poles. In all that gargantuan paradise of the fourth-rate there is not a single picture gallery worth going into, or a single orchestra capable of playing the nine symphonies of Beethoven, or a single opera-house, or a single theater devoted to decent plays, or a single public monument (built since the war) that is worth looking at, or a single workshop devoted to the making of beautiful things. Once you have counted Robert Loveman (an Ohioan by birth) and John McClure (an Oklahoman) you will not find a single southern poet above the rank of a neighborhood rhymester. Once you have counted James Branch Cabell (a lingering survivor of the _ancien régime:_ a scarlet dragonfly imbedded in opaque amber) you will not find a single southern prose writer who can actually write. And once you have--but when you come to critics, musical composers, painters, sculptors, architects and the like, you will have to give it up, for there is not even a bad one between the Potomac mud-flats and the Gulf. Nor an historian. Nor

a sociologist. Nor a philosopher. Nor a theologian. Nor a scientist. In all these fields the south is an awe-inspiring blank--a brother to Portugal, Serbia and Esthonia.

Consider, for example, the present estate and dignity of Virginia--in the great days indubitably the premier American state, the mother of Presidents and statesmen, the home of the first American university worthy of the name, the *_arbiter elegantiarum_* of the western world. Well, observe Virginia to-day. It is years since a first-rate man, save only Cabell, has come out of it; it is years since an idea has come out of it. The old aristocracy went down the red gullet of war; the poor white trash are now in the saddle. Politics in Virginia are cheap, ignorant, parochial, idiotic; there is scarcely a man in office above the rank of a professional job-seeker; the political doctrine that prevails is made up of hand-me-downs from the bumpkinry of the Middle West--Bryanism, Prohibition, vice crusading, all that sort of filthy claptrap; the administration of the law is turned over to professors of Puritanism and espionage; a Washington or a Jefferson, dumped there by some act of God, would be denounced as a scoundrel and jailed overnight. Elegance, *_esprit_*, culture? Virginia has no art, no literature, no philosophy, no mind or aspiration of her own. Her education has sunk to the Baptist seminary level; not a single contribution to human knowledge has come out of her colleges in twenty-five years; she spends less than half upon her common schools, *_per capita_*, than any northern state spends. In brief, an intellectual Gobi or Lapland. Urbanity, *_politesse_*, chivalry? Co to! It was in Virginia that they invented the device of searching for contraband whisky in women's underwear.... There remains, at the top, a ghost of the old aristocracy, a bit wistful and infinitely charming. But it has lost all its old leadership to fabulous monsters from the lower depths; it is submerged in an industrial plutocracy that is ignorant and ignominious. The mind of the state, as it is revealed to the nation, is pathetically naïve and inconsequential. It no longer reacts with energy and elasticity to great problems. It has fallen to the bombastic trivialities of the camp-meeting and the chautauqua. Its foremost exponent--if so flabby a thing may be said to have an exponent--is a statesman whose name is synonymous with, empty words, broken pledges and false pretenses. One could no more imagine a Lee or a Washington in the Virginia of to-day than one could imagine a Huxley in Nicaragua.

I choose the Old Dominion, not because I disdain it, but precisely because I esteem it. It is, by long odds, the most civilized of the southern states, now as always. It has sent a host of creditable sons northward; the stream kept running into our own time. Virginians, even the worst of them, show the effects of a great tradition. They hold themselves above other southerners, and with sound pretension. If one turns to such a commonwealth as Georgia the picture becomes far darker. There the liberated lower orders of whites have borrowed the worst commercial boulderism of the Yankee and superimposed it upon a culture that, at bottom, is but little removed from savagery. Georgia is at once the home of the cotton-mill sweater and of the most noisy and vapid sort of chamber of commerce, of the Methodist parson turned Savonarola and of the lynching bee. A self-respecting European, going there to live, would not only find intellectual stimulation utterly lacking; he would actually feel a certain insecurity, as if the scene were the Balkans or the China Coast. The Leo Frank affair was no isolated phenomenon. It fitted into its frame very snugly. It was a natural expression of Georgian notions of truth and justice. There is a state with more than half the area of Italy and more population than either Denmark or Norway, and yet in thirty years it has not produced a single idea. Once upon a time a Georgian printed a couple of books that attracted notice, but immediately it turned out that he was little more than an amanuensis for the local blacks--that his works were really the products, not of white Georgia, but of black Georgia. Writing afterward as a white man, he swiftly subsided into the fifth rank. And he is not only the glory of the literature of Georgia; he is, almost literally, the whole of the literature of Georgia--nay, of the entire art of Georgia.

Virginia is the best of the south to-day, and Georgia is perhaps the worst. The one is simply senile; the other is crass, gross, vulgar and obnoxious. Between lies a vast plain of mediocrity, stupidity, lethargy, almost of dead silence. In the north, of course, there is also grossness, crassness, vulgarity. The north, in its way, is also stupid and obnoxious. But nowhere in the north is there such complete sterility, so depressing a lack of all civilized gesture and aspiration. One would find it difficult to unearth a second-rate city between the Ohio and the Pacific that isn't struggling to establish an orchestra, or setting up a little theater, or going in for an art gallery, or making some other effort to get into touch

with civilization. These efforts often fail, and sometimes they succeed rather absurdly, but under them there is at least an impulse that deserves respect, and that is the impulse to seek beauty and to experiment with ideas, and so to give the life of every day a certain dignity and purpose. You will find no such impulse in the south.

There are no committees down there cadging subscriptions for orchestras; if a string quartet is ever heard there, the news of it has never come out; an opera troupe, when it roves the land, is a nine days' wonder. The little theater movement has swept the whole country, enormously augmenting the public interest in sound plays, giving new dramatists their chance, forcing reforms upon the commercial theater. Everywhere else the wave rolls high--but along the line of the Potomac it breaks upon a rock-bound shore. There is no little theater beyond. There is no gallery of pictures. No artist ever gives exhibitions. No one talks of such things. No one seems to be interested in such things.

As for the cause of this unanimous torpor and doltishness, this curious and almost pathological estrangement from everything that makes for a civilized culture, I have hinted at it already, and now state it again. The south has simply been drained of all its best blood. The vast blood-letting of the Civil War half exterminated and wholly paralyzed the old aristocracy, and so left the land to the harsh mercies of the poor white trash, now its masters. The war, of course, was not a complete massacre. It spared a decent number of first-rate southerners--perhaps even some of the very best. Moreover, other countries, notably France and Germany, have survived far more staggering butcheries, and even showed marked progress thereafter. But the war not only cost a great many valuable lives; it also brought bankruptcy, demoralization and despair in its train--and so the majority of the first-rate southerners that were left, broken in spirit and unable to live under the new dispensation, cleared out. A few went to South America, to Egypt, to the Far East. Most came north. They were fecund; their progeny is widely dispersed, to the great benefit of the north. A southerner of good blood almost always does well in the north. He finds, even in the big cities, surroundings fit for a man of condition. His peculiar qualities have a high social value, and are esteemed. He is welcomed by the codfish aristocracy as one palpably superior. But in the south he throws up his hands. It is impossible for him to stoop to the common level. He cannot brawl in politics with the

grandsons of his grand-father's tenants. He is unable to share their fierce jealousy of the emerging black--the cornerstone of all their public thinking. He is anæsthetic to their theological and political enthusiasms. He finds himself an alien at their feasts of soul. And so he withdraws into his tower, and is heard of no more. Cabell is almost a perfect example. His eyes, for years, were turned toward the past; he became a professor of the grotesque genealogizing that decaying aristocracies affect; it was only by a sort of accident that he discovered himself to be an artist. The south is unaware of the fact to this day; it regards Woodrow Wilson and Col. John Temple Graves as much finer stylists, and Frank L. Stanton as an infinitely greater poet. If it has heard, which I doubt, that Cabell has been hoofed by the Comstocks, it unquestionably views that assault as a deserved rebuke to a fellow who indulges a lewd passion for fancy writing, and is a covert enemy to the Only True Christianity.

What is needed down there, before the vexatious public problems of the region may be intelligently approached, is a survey of the population by competent ethnologists and anthropologists. The immigrants of the north have been studied at great length, and any one who is interested may now apply to the Bureau of Ethnology for elaborate data as to their racial strains, their stature and cranial indices, their relative capacity for education, and the changes that they undergo under American _Kultur._ But the older stocks of the south, and particularly the emancipated and dominant poor white trash, have never been investigated scientifically, and most of the current generalizations about them are probably wrong. For example, the generalization that they are purely Anglo-Saxon in blood. This I doubt very seriously. The chief strain down there, I believe, is Celtic rather than Saxon, particularly in the hill country. French blood, too, shows itself here and there, and so does Spanish, and so does German. The last-named entered from the northward, by way of the limestone belt just east of the Alleghenies. Again, it is very likely that in some parts of the south a good many of the plebeian whites have more than a trace of negro blood. Interbreeding under concubinage produced some very light half-breeds at an early day, and no doubt appreciable numbers of them went over into the white race by the simple process of changing their abode. Not long ago I read a curious article by an intelligent negro, in which he stated that it is easy for a very light negro to pass as white in the south on account of the fact that large numbers

of southerners accepted as white have distinctly negroid features. Thus it becomes a delicate and dangerous matter for a train conductor or a hotel-keeper to challenge a suspect. But the Celtic strain is far more obvious than any of these others. It not only makes itself visible in physical stigmata--e. g., leanness and dark coloring--but also in mental traits. For example, the religious thought of the south is almost precisely identical with the religious thought of Wales. There is the same naïve belief in an anthropomorphic Creator but little removed, in manner and desire, from an evangelical bishop; there is the same submission to an ignorant and impudent sacerdotal tyranny, and there is the same sharp contrast between doctrinal orthodoxy and private ethics. Read Caradoc Evans' ironical picture of the Welsh Wesleyans in his preface to "My Neighbors," and you will be instantly reminded of the Georgia and Carolina Methodists. The most booming sort of piety, in the south, is not incompatible with the theory that lynching is a benign institution. Two generations ago it was not incompatible with an ardent belief in slavery.

It is highly probable that some of the worst blood of western Europe flows in the veins of the southern poor whites, now poor no longer. The original strains, according to every honest historian, were extremely corrupt. Philip Alexander Bruce (a Virginian of the old gentry) says in his "Industrial History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century" that the first native-born generation was largely illegitimate. "One of the most common offenses against morality committed in the lower ranks of life in Virginia during the seventeenth century," he says, "was bastardy." The mothers of these bastards, he continues, were chiefly indentured servants, and "had belonged to the lowest class in their native country." Fanny Kemble Butler, writing of the Georgia poor whites of a century later, described them as "the most degraded race of human beings claiming an Anglo-Saxon origin that can be found on the face of the earth--filthy, lazy, ignorant, brutal, proud, penniless savages." The Sunday-school and the chautauqua, of course, have appreciably mellowed the descendants of these "savages," and their economic progress and rise to political power have done perhaps even more, but the marks of their origin are still unpleasantly plentiful. Every now and then they produce a political leader who puts their secret notions of the true, the good and the beautiful into plain words, to the amazement and scandal of the rest of the country. That amazement is turned into downright incredulity when news comes that his

platform has got him high office, and that he is trying to execute it.

In the great days of the south the line between the gentry and the poor whites was very sharply drawn. There was absolutely no intermarriage. So far as I know there is not a single instance in history of a southerner of the upper class marrying one of the bondwomen described by Mr. Bruce. In other societies characterized by class distinctions of that sort it is common for the lower class to be improved by extra-legal crosses. That is to say, the men of the upper class take women of the lower class as mistresses, and out of such unions spring the extraordinary plebeians who rise sharply from the common level, and so propagate the delusion that all other plebeians would do the same thing if they had the chance--in brief, the delusion that class distinctions are merely economic and conventional, and not congenital and genuine. But in the south the men of the upper classes sought their mistresses among the blacks, and after a few generations there was so much white blood in the black women that they were considerably more attractive than the unhealthy and bedraggled women of the poor whites. This preference continued into our own time. A southerner of good family once told me in all seriousness that he had reached his majority before it ever occurred to him that a white woman might make quite as agreeable a mistress as the octaroons of his jejune fancy. If the thing has changed of late, it is not the fault of the southern white man, but of the southern mulatto women. The more slightly yellow girls of the region, with improving economic opportunities, have gained self-respect, and so they are no longer as willing to enter into concubinage as their grand-dams were.

As a result of this preference of the southern gentry for mulatto mistresses there was created a series of mixed strains containing the best white blood of the south, and perhaps of the whole country. As another result the poor whites went unfertilized from above, and so missed the improvement that so constantly shows itself in the peasant stocks of other countries. It is a commonplace that nearly all negroes who rise above the general are of mixed blood, usually with the white predominating. I know a great many negroes, and it would be hard for me to think of an exception. What is too often forgotten is that this white bloody is not the Mood of the poor whites but that of the old gentry. The mulatto girls of the early days despised the poor whites as creatures distinctly inferior to negroes, and it was thus almost

unheard of for such a girl to enter into relations with a man of that submerged class. This aversion was based upon a sound instinct. The southern mulatto of to-day is a proof of it. Like all other half-breeds he is an unhappy man, with disquieting tendencies toward anti-social habits of thought, but he is intrinsically a better animal than the pure-blooded descendant of the old poor whites, and he not infrequently demonstrates it. It is not by accident that the negroes of the south are making faster progress, economically and culturally, than the masses of the whites. It is not by accident that the only visible æsthetic activity in the south is wholly in their hands. No southern composer has ever written music so good as that of half a dozen white-black composers who might be named. Even in politics, the negro reveals a curious superiority. Despite the fact that the race question has been the main political concern of the southern whites for two generations, to the practical exclusion of everything else, they have contributed nothing to its discussion that has impressed the rest of the world so deeply and so favorably as three or four books by southern negroes.

Entering upon such themes, of course, one must resign one's self to a vast misunderstanding and abuse. The south has not only lost its old capacity for producing ideas; it has also taken on the worst intolerance of ignorance and stupidity. Its prevailing mental attitude for several decades past has been that of its own hedge ecclesiastics. All who dissent from its orthodox doctrines are scoundrels. All who presume to discuss its ways realistically are damned. I have had, in my day, several experiences in point. Once, after I had published an article on some phase of the eternal race question, a leading southern newspaper replied by printing a column of denunciation of my father, then dead nearly twenty years--a philippic placarding him as an ignorant foreigner of dubious origin, inhabiting "the Baltimore ghetto" and speaking a dialect recalling that of Weber & Fields--two thousand words of incandescent nonsense, utterly false and beside the point, but exactly meeting the latter-day southern notion of effective controversy. Another time, I published a short discourse on lynching, arguing that the sport was popular in the south because the backward culture of the region denied the populace more seemly recreations. Among such recreations I mentioned those afforded by brass bands, symphony orchestras, boxing matches, amateur athletic contests, shoot-the-chutes, roof gardens, horse races, and so on. In

reply another great southern journal denounced me as a man "of wineshop temperament, brass-jewelry tastes and pornographic predilections."

In other words, brass bands, in the south, are classed with brass jewelry, and both are snares of the devil! To advocate setting up symphony orchestras is pornography!... Alas, when the touchy southerner attempts a greater urbanity, the result is often even worse. Some time ago a colleague of mine printed an article deploring the arrested cultural development of Georgia. In reply he received a number of protests from patriotic Georgians, and all of them solemnly listed the glories of the state. I indulge in a few specimens:

Who has not heard of Asa G. Candler, whose name is synonymous with Coca-Cola, a Georgia product?

The first Sunday-school in the world was opened in Savannah.

Who does not recall with pleasure the writings of ... Frank L. Stanton, Georgia's brilliant poet?

Georgia was the first state to organize a Boys' Corn Club in the South--Newton county, 1904.

The first to suggest a common United Daughters of the Confederacy badge was Mrs. Raynes, of Georgia.

The first to suggest a state historian of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was Mrs. C. Helen Plane (Macon convention, 1896).

The first to suggest putting to music Heber's "From Green-land's Icy Mountains" was Mrs. F. R. Goulding, of Savannah.

And so on, and so on. These proud boasts came, remember, not from obscure private persons, but from "Leading Georgians"--in one case, the state historian. Curious sidelights upon the ex-Confederate mind! Another comes from a stray copy of a negro paper. It describes an ordinance lately passed by the city council of Douglas, Ga., forbidding any trousers presser, on penalty of forfeiting a \$500 bond, to engage in "pressing for both white and colored." This in a town, says the

negro paper, where practically all of the white inhabitants have "their food prepared by colored hands," "their babies cared for by colored hands," and "the clothes which they wear right next to their skins washed in houses where negroes live"--houses in which the said clothes "remain for as long as a week at a time." But if you marvel at the absurdity, keep it dark! A casual word, and the united press of the south will be upon your trail, denouncing you bitterly as a scoundrelly Yankee, a Bolshevik Jew, an agent of the Wilhelmstrasse....

Obviously, it is impossible for intelligence to flourish in such an atmosphere. Free inquiry is blocked by the idiotic certainties of ignorant men. The arts, save in the lower reaches of the gospel hymn, the phonograph and the chautauqua harangue, are all held in suspicion. The tone of public opinion is set by an upstart class but lately emerged from industrial slavery into commercial enterprise--the class of "hustling" business men, of "live wires," of commercial club luminaries, of "drive" managers, of forward-lookers and right-thinkers--in brief, of third-rate southerners inoculated with all the worst traits of the Yankee sharper. One observes the curious effects of an old tradition of truculence upon a population now merely pushful and impudent, of an old tradition of chivalry upon a population now quite without imagination. The old repose is gone. The old romanticism is gone. The philistinism of the new type of town-boomer southerner is not only indifferent to the ideals of the old south; it is positively antagonistic to them. That philistinism regards human life, not as an agreeable adventure, but as a mere trial of rectitude and efficiency. It is overwhelmingly utilitarian and moral. It is inconceivably hollow and obnoxious. What remains of the ancient tradition is simply a certain charming civility in private intercourse--often broken down, alas, by the hot rages of Puritanism, but still generally visible. The southerner, at his worst, is never quite the surly cad that the Yankee is. His sensitiveness may betray him into occasional bad manners, but in the main he is a pleasant fellow--hospitable, polite, good-humored, even jovial.... But a bit absurd.... A bit pathetic.



SOPAS

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SOPA DE COLES.

En una marmita ó cacerola póngase agua y tocino, ó bien carnero, segun se quiera; cuando habrá cerca de una hora que habrá comenzado á hervir, póngase en la marmita la col escaldada ántes con agua hirviendo; se añaden zanahorias, nabos, puerros, apio, una cebolla picada, con un clavo de especia, sal y una salchicha, si se hace la sopa con tocino. Se cuece á fuego manso durante cuatro horas, y al momento de servir se ponen aparte en un plato las carnes y las verduras y vierte el caldo sobre el pan en una sopera. La sopa de col y carnero es mejor y más sana que la de tocino.

Cuando se quiera hacer la sopa de col para vigilia, se cuece la col con agua y sal, se añaden las demas verduras, como tenemos dicho, y pimienta, y un poco ántes de servirla se pone dentro un buen pedazo de manteca.

De cualquier manera que se haga, la sopa de col es de bastante mala digestion; ocasiona flatuosidades, eructos y no conviene de ningun modo á los convalecientes.

SOPA DE PRIMAVERA.

Potaje de lujo, delicado y buscado para las comidas de ceremonia.

Se mondan y cortan á trozos de igual grandor, ó se parten en forma de almendras ó aceitunas, zanahorias, nabos y rábanos. Se cortan á tiritas apio y puerros, se pelan cebollas muy pequeñas, blancas y enteras, se añaden judías tiernas desgranadas, guisantes tiernos, puntas de espárragos, coliflor á trozos, coles de Brusélas enteras, pepinos cortados en forma de almendras ú olivas; se escalda todo para que blanquee, pero haciéndolo aparte con los pepinos, puntas de espárragos, col de Brusélas y coliflor á fin de que no se rompan estas últimas, se cuece en caldo ó sustancia de carne, se añade un poco de azúcar y se sirve.

Se puede añadir, si se quiere, un puré cualquiera, como castañas, guisantes, judías ó lentejas, ó bien rebanadas de pan tostado, coscorrones fritos, etc.

Los pepinos, espárragos, col de Brusélas y coliflores, no deben cocer en el caldo ó sustancia más que poco tiempo ántes de servirlo.

Si la sopa sale demasiado clara, puede espesarse con salsa de tomate.

Dejando cocer mucho tiempo este potaje, se puede formar una jalea, que será muy delicada y distinguida.

SOPA DE CALABAZA CON LECHE.

Se toma un trozo de calabaza, al que se le ha quitado la corteza y las pepitas; se corta en pedacitos y se pone al fuego en una cacerola con agua; cuando esté deshecha como mermelada y que se haya consumido el agua, se echa un poco de manteca, sal y pimienta, dejándolo cocer un poco. Se hace hervir leche con azúcar; se echa luégo sobre la calabaza; se ponen rebanadas de pan en una fuente, se mojan con parte del caldo de la calabaza, y cubriéndola, póngase al rescoldo por un cuarto de hora, cuidando no hierva, y al momento de servirla se acaba de verter el resto del caldo bien caliente.

SOPA DE PAN.

Un poco ántes de servirla se colocan en una sopera proporcionada cortezas de pan secas, ó bien rebanadas de miga de pan tostadas á las parrillas, en cantidad suficiente; se les echa por encima caldo ó sustancia de carnes, bien desengrasado y pasado por tamiz ó pasadera fina de hoja de lata, que baste para que el pan se empape é hinche, y en el momento de sacarlo á la mesa añádese caldo en cantidad suficiente para que la sopa no sea demasiado compacta, y sírvase bien caliente. Debe procurarse no hacer hervir el pan en el caldo, pues esta mala costumbre perjudica mucho á la calidad de la sopa, haciéndola ménos sabrosa y más difícil de digerir.

